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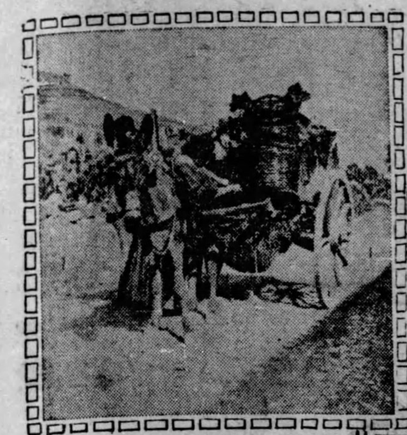
SICILY, THE BEAUTIFUL, BEFORE DESTRUCTION



SICILIAN MARKET CART.

WASHING CLOTHES IN SICILY—

WOMEN CARRYING LEMONS INTO MESSINA.

SINCE the terrible disaster in Sicily and southern Italy, which destroyed so many beautiful towns and killed human beings to the number of many thousands, unusual interest has centered in the garden spot of the world, so unfortunate in history, but so beautiful in nature. Messina, where the recent earthquake's results were most appalling, was before its destruction one of the most beautiful, and at the same time picturesque, towns in that land of marble and cypress.

The pictures here shown are taken from snapshots made in Sicily by a Toledo man when passing through the country last summer.

The people in Sicily are prone to dreaming and more or less disinclined to action. Other thoughts occupied the minds of its inhabitants before nature's last convulsion. They were masters, through their banks and their ships, of the commerce of the world, engaged in vast enterprises, bold, excellent judges of men, diplomats and all more or less tinged by the influence of the east. Their dream, in which love for the city bore its part, was to build magnificent and useful palaces, with porticos, vaulted ground floors which could be used for shops and offices, and luxurious apartments above. They joined these edifices to one another and thus erected around the harbor a girdle of monuments which, while being regarded as a glory of the city, declared its wealth.

This is very striking in Messina, which is built in a long, narrow space compressed between the sea and the mountains. Its life, its cause for existence and its beauty are due to the harbor, curved slightly on the land side and two-thirds closed toward the sea by a peninsula in the form of a crescent, which has a castle at the extreme end. This ancient stronghold, burned by the sun, the line of massive facades that follow the curve of the coast, give it a very imposing appearance. And this majesty is not dead. Countless laborers are working on the wharves.

Sunset Is Beautiful.

The tramways run to them and go on to Faro, the extreme point of Sicily. Every moment ships are entering and leaving. They do not anchor in these deep waters, but make fast to buoys. Beyond are the straits, flowing like a river, deep blue, covered with shipping, and still farther away the mountainous shores Calabria, which, on account of the clearness of the air, seem very near, and are visible for a vast stretch from San Giovanni to Reggio.

The landscape is especially beautiful in the evening. When the sun has set behind the mountains of Messina it still illumines those opposite, and the Calabrian chain appears dyed with two colors; the base a violet purple and the summit a brilliant orange.

In Sicily when a young man loves a girl and wishes to declare himself, not being able to enter the house, he contents himself with walking in front of it. With his cane, or a handkerchief which he drops, he expresses his passion to the dear beauty concealed behind the muslin curtains. A week later there will be an exchange of conversation and they will talk from the sidewalk to the balcony, under cover of the darkness. Perhaps the parents will then be persuaded to allow the suitor to cross the threshold. If they oppose? Well, then, some fine day a pair of horses will stop before the house. The young girl, notified in advance, will spring into the carriage, and off they go. Before the father hears of his child's flight—the mother is often an accomplice—the lovers will be married, or else the young girl, taken to a friend's house, will await her father's decision.

Delay Not Long.

This is rarely long delayed and will probably be favorable. At the end of two or three days an obliging person, perhaps an intimate friend, will go to the unfortunate father's house, appease his first wrath, show him the necessity of yielding to the accomplished fact, praise the character of the abductor and end by requesting a fair dowry as token of complete pardon, for the happiness of the two children and the peace of both families. It seems that the argument almost always succeeds. They embrace. And the young couple, when they grow old, see with astonishment their children repeat the comedy of the cane and the fan, the carriage and pair and the matrimonial lawyer.

NEW YORK CITY IS BACK IN OLD STRIDE WITH 1909

Correspondence to The Blade.

New York, Jan. 16.—As usual in New York every active interest on the island has the label "Bigger than ever" pasted on it for consignment through 1909 and now that the panic is safely stowed away in the back room of an office occupied by J. P. Morgan, and one is no longer afraid of lending his neighbor car fare, the town has opened up with the New Year and events, all of them "bigger" (keep your eye on the size), are moving with alacrity.

Wall street will see heavier transactions than ever; bank deposits will be larger; Harriman will control more railroads and the fight of the "common pee-pul" on the Gas Trust, which opened with a mass meeting at Cooper Union last night, will be more extensive, and, whisper it, more successful than in previous years. Rockefeller and Carnegie will give away every cent they have; the auto show, opening today, will surpass all previous efforts in number of benzine buggies and costly clothes simultaneously exhibited.

Speaking of trusts, the latest freak in consolidation is the alleged church trust, with rich old Trinity in the van. In the Trinity corporation the voting power is granted to members who live in Trinity parish only, while the church practically controls the Episcopal affairs of the entire New York diocese, a situation the Churchman, the leading Episcopal organ of the United States, finds obnoxious to the extent of demanding that the bishop probe the affairs of the corporation and secure for all New York Episcopalians an interest in the organization by vote, that their affairs may be protected and "alienation of their property rights" prevented. A church trust probe is new and interesting. Whether the bishop will adjust the difficulty by allowing government regulation, or municipal ownership, remains to be seen.

The Gas Fight.

The renewed activity against the gas trust, which is still doing business at the old stand to the tune of a dollar a crack, despite the years of attack upon it, comes hard upon the news, not yet confirmed, that George B. Cortelyou, now secretary of the treasury, is to leave his hard won public honor and assume the leadership of the Consolidated Gas crowd, as president of the corporation. Speculation is rife along the "street" as to the probability of the invitation, known to have been extended to the secretary of the treasury, being accepted, and what the outcome will be, if it is.

The annual howl against dollar gas went up from Cooper Union last night, but the only action that seems feasible for the consumers is to start individual suits for the rebate of overcharges, since the 80-cent act went into effect, and everybody knows what the trust would do to those individual suits.

The sum which ought to be rebated to the consumers is upwards of $9,000,000. The people have got as far as injunctions against the gas companies, restraining them from shutting off gas when the extra twenty cents is demanded and refused, but a great majority, true to human nature the world over, pay the whole dollar per thousand, shrug their shoulders and let it go at that.

Aldermen Worried.

A newer, bigger and better city charter, is among the affairs already looming imminent to certain of the "boys" around the city hall, and it is one which lives up to the 1909 slogan. There is weeping and wailing among the aldermen, who, to put it mildly, will be swept out of the corridors if some of the provisions of the new charter are put into effect. Needless to say they will fight. The facts are that the framers of the new charter don't seem to think of aldermen as of much use except for ornamental purposes, and to show visiting cousins from Kazoo-zoo, Okla., the wonders of Brooklyn bridge and help them wear the varnish off the front of Shanley's bar. For this reason the said framers say in their proposed charter that the aldermen can convy ordinances and help the elevator boys on busy nights, but the real powers of the city will be vested in boards of estimate and appropriation, composed of representatives from all the boroughs. At that the boards already begin to look like aldermen under a different name, but the fact remains that the present incumbents are running in circles and turning back flips to find out where they are at.

The comptroller, too, is put on the shelf as a live member, and becomes merely the clerk who hands out the pay envelope Saturdays. The board of estimate, the mayor, the president of the council and the five borough presidents will be the whole works.

Easy Dodgers.

Speaking of the City Hall brings to mind the new excuse of all or any of the boys when they want to evade the call to duty. The evasion is simply "Dame Vanity," which means that when some committee is investigating the doings of some part of the body politic or an individual thereof, that one or more of the gang just passes back the word that he is undergoing his toilette and that's all there is to it. For instance:

When the Cassidy legislative investigating committee was in session the other day, trying to find out something about the city's finances, they sent for Mayor McClellan, with a polite order to attend forthwith. The messenger who hiked over to the mayor's office came back presently and said the mayor begged to be excused; he was having his teeth packed up. Former Senator Cassidy, who is really running the probe himself, sneered and sent back a call for Controller Metz to attend in the mayor's place and emit some facts. The senator became sad when the messenger returned blushing and confided that Metz was in tete-a-tete with the blonde lady in the barber shop, who was polishing his nails and emphasizing the half-moons at the base thereof, and the committee could just wait.

Cassidy turned green and finally landed on Assistant Corporation Counsel Ollendorf for a victim. Ollendorf told them all they wanted to know about the city's affairs, but now, when a call is sent out, and certain public men feel that they are going to be stood up on the carpet and have a probe struck into their mental works they just go out and get their shoes shined, or their heads rubbed, or their corns sandpapered, and the city's affairs can go hang.

NEW STORY ABOUT GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, CONFEDERATE

A hitherto unpublished story about General Robert E. Lee is given in the Manufacturers' Record in an article entitled, Rounding Out of the Nation's Life Through Southern Development, in the course of which it is said:

"At the close of the Civil War several young men who had served in the southern army called on General Robert E. Lee. In explaining the object of their visit they said to him:

"'Your name has carried us into many places where we did not want to go. Now we want to take your name with us where we are going, and we have come to ask for your autograph on these photographs.'

"General Lee, in reply, said:

"'If my name has carried you, as you say, into places into which you did not want to go, I want you to be careful not to carry it into any place where I would not want it to go. Where are you going?'

"One said that he was bound for Mexico, another that he was looking to the far southwest, and the others to distant sections, because they felt there was no opportunity for them at home by reason of the destruction caused by the war.

"General Lee said to them:

"'As soldiers you served your state faithfully; you did your duty, you risked your lives in the service of your country; but your state needs you today more than it needed you in war. It has hard problems to settle. Its business interests have been destroyed and for these very reasons it seems to me your state has a right to ask you to stand by it in these days of trial and to help to rebuild its fortunes. Consider whether you do not owe your state, under these conditions, the same devotion to it, the same self-sacrifice that you gave to it at the call of war.'

"If it had been possible for this thought of the great Confederate soldier to have been carried out, and if the hundreds of thousands of young, virile men who left this section within a few years after the war, and the two and a half million people who have left it during the past forty years, had been able to find at home scope for their energy, employment for their talents, whether of brain or muscle, what a mighty difference there would have been, not only in the south, but in other sections! The south would have gained the energy of these people and the energy of the children born to them, while other sections which have been enriched by their work would, to that extent, have been made less relative progress than they have made."

AS A MAN LIVES

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER V.

A South American Letter.

Naturally I expected that some time that night my father would have spoken to me concerning the strange meeting at the house of the woman whom he had called Marcia. In a sense I feared what he might have to say. Already I was beginning to reckon those few hours as an epoch in my life. Never had I met any one whom in so short a time had attracted me so much. I found myself thinking of her continually, and the more I thought the more I scoffed at the idea of connecting in any way with her those things at which Lady Naselton had hinted. There seemed something almost grossly incongruous in any such idea. The more I thought of her the more resolute I became in putting all such thoughts behind me. And, apart from my judgment, which was altogether on her side, I was conscious of a vague personal attraction, almost a fascination, which had a wonderful effect on me. The manner of her life, her surroundings, that air of quiet, forcible elegance, which seemed to assert itself alike in her house, her dress, and her conversation, were a revelation to me. She was original, too, obviously intellectual, a woman who held her life well within control, and lived it fearlessly and self-reliantly. I had never met anyone like it before, and I longed to see more of her. My one fear was lest my father should lay some stern embargo upon my association with her. In that case I had made up my mind not to yield without a struggle. I would be quite sure that it was not a matter of merely prejudice before I consented to give up what promised to be the most delightful friendship I had ever known.

But, rather to my surprise, and a little to my relief, my father ignored our afternoon's adventure when I saw him again. He came in to dinner as usual, carefully dressed, and ate and drank with his customary fine care that everything of which he partook should be of the best of its kind. After he had left the table we saw no more of him. He went straight to his study, and I heard the door shut and the key turned—a sign that he was on no account to be disturbed; and though I sat in the drawing room until long after my usual time for retiring, and afterwards remained in my room till the small hours commenced to chime, his door remained locked. Yet in the morning he was down before us. He was standing at the window when I came into the breakfast-room, and the clear morning light fell mercilessly on his white face, pallid and lined with the marks of his long vigil. It seemed to me that he greeted us both more quietly than usual.

During breakfast time I made a few remarks to him, but they passed unnoticed, or elicited only a monosyllabic reply. Alice spoke of the schools, but he seemed scarcely to hear. We all became silent. As we were on the point of rising, the unusual sound of wheels outside attracted our attention. A fly was passing slowly along the road beyond our hedge. I caught a glimpse of a woman's face inside, and half rose up.

"She's going away!" I exclaimed.

My father, too, had half risen. He made a movement as though to hurry from the room, but with an effort he restrained himself. The effect of her appearance upon him was very evident to me. His under lip was twitching, and his long, white fingers were nervously interlaced. Alice, bland and unseeing, glanced carelessly out of the window.

"It is our mystarious neighbor from the Yellow House," she remarked. "If a tithe of what people say about her is true we ought to rejoice that she is going away. It is a pity she is not leaving for good."

My father opened his lips as though about to speak. He changed his mind, however, and left the room. The burden of her defense remained with me.

"If I were you I would not take any notice of what people say about her," I remarked. "In all probability you will only hear a pack of lies. I had tea with her yesterday afternoon, and she seemed to me to be a very well-bred and distinguished woman."

Alice looked at me with wide-open eyes, and an expression almost of horror in her face.

"Do you mean to say that you have been to see her, that you have been inside her house, Kate?" she cried.

I nodded.

"I was caught in the rain and she asked me in," I explained, coolly. "Afterwards I liked her so much that I was glad to stay to tea when she asked me. She is a very charming woman."

Alice looked at me blankly.

"But, Kate, didn't Lady Naselton tell you about her? Surely you have heard what people say?"

I shrugged my shoulders slightly.

"Lady Naselton told me a good many things," I answered; "but I do not make a point of believing everything disagreeable which I hear about people. Do you think that charitable yourself?"

My sister's face hardened. She had all the prejudices of her type, in her case developed before their time. She was the vicar's daughter, in whose eyes the very breath of scandal was like a devastating wind. Her point of view, and consequently her judgment, seemed to me alike narrow and cruel.

"You forget your position," she said, with cold indignation. "There are other reports of that woman besides Lady Naselton's. Depend upon it there is no smoke without fire. It is most indiscreet of you to have had any communication with her."

"That," I declared, "is a matter of opinion."

"I believe that she is not a nice woman," Alice said, firmly.

"And I shall believe her to be a very nice one until I know the contrary," I answered. "I know her and you do not, and I can assure you that she is much more interesting than any of the women who have called upon us round here."

Alice was getting angry with me.

"You prefer an interesting woman to a good one," she said, warmly.

"Without going quite so far as that, I certainly think that it is unfortunate that most of the good women whom one meets are so uninteresting," I answered. "Goodness seems so satisfying—in the case of repletion. I mean—it doesn't seem to leave room for anything else."

Whereupon Alice left me in despair, and I found myself face to face with my father. He looked at me in stern disapproval. There was a distinctly marked frown on his forehead.

"You are too fond of those flighty sayings, Kate," he remarked, sternly. "Let me hear less of them."

I made no reply. There were times when I was almost afraid of my father, when a suppressed irritation of manner seemed like the thin veneer beneath which a volcano was trembling. Today the signs were there. I made haste to change the subject.

"The letters have just come," I said, holding out a little packet to him. "There is one for you from a place I never heard of—somewhere in South America, I think."

He took them from me and glanced at the handwriting of the topmost one. Then for a short space of time I saw another man before me. The calm strength of his refined, thoughtful face was transformed. Like a flash the gleam of a dark passion lit up his brilliant eyes. His lips quivered, his fingers were clenched together. For a moment I thought he would have torn the letter into shreds unopened. With an evident effort, however, he restrained himself, and went out of the room bearing the letter in his hand.

I heard him walking about in his study all the morning. At luncheon time he had quite recovered his composure, but towards its close he made, for us, a somewhat startling announcement.

"I am going to London this afternoon," he said, quietly.

"To London?" we both echoed.

"Yes. There is a little business there which requires my personal attention."

Under the circumstances Alice was even more surprised than I was.

"But how about Mr. Hewitt?" she reminded him, blankly. "We were to meet him at the schools at five o'clock this afternoon about the new ventilators."

"Mr. Hewitt must be put off until my return," my father answered. "The schools have done without them for ten years, so they can go on for another week. Can I trouble you for the Worcestershire sauce, Kate?"

This was my father's method of closing the subject. Alice looked at me with perplexed face, but my thoughts were elsewhere. I was wondering whether my father would undertake a commission for me at Debenham and Freebody's.

"Shall you be going west?" I asked him.

He looked up at me and hesitated for a moment.

"My business is in the city," he said, coldly. "What do you call west?"

"Regent street," I answered.

He considered for a few moments.

"I may be near there," he said. "If so I will try to do what you require. Do not be disappointed if I should happen to forget about it, though. If it is important you had better send direct."

"I would rather you called if it wouldn't be bothering you," I told him. "There is some money to pay, and it would save my getting postal orders."

I left the room to write a note. When I came back my father had gone into his study. I followed him there, and, entering the room without knocking, found him bending over his desk.

He looked up at me and frowned.

"What do you want?" he said, sharply.

I explained, and he took the note from me, listening to the details of my commission, and making a note in his pocketbook.

"I will see to this for you if I can," he said. "I will not promise, because I shall have other and more important matters to take up my attention. In the meantime, I should be glad to be left undisturbed for an hour. I have some letters to write."

I left him at once, and I heard the key turn in the door after me. At half-past three a fly arrived from the junction, and he appeared upon the step carrying a small black bag in his hand.

"I shall be back," he said, "on Friday. Good-bye, Alice; good-bye, Kate."

We kissed him, and he got up in the carriage and drove off. Alice and I remained upon the doorstep looking at one another. We both felt that there was something mysterious about his sudden departure.

"Have you any idea what it means?" she asked me.

I shook my head.

"He has not told me anything," I said. "Didn't you say that he used to go to London often when you were at Belchester?"

Alice looked very grave.

"Yes," she said; "and that is one reason why we left the place. The people did not like it. He went away very often; and, indeed, old Colonel Dacre wrote to the bishop about it."

"He was a meddlesome old duffer," I remarked, leaning against the door post with my face turned towards the Yellow House.

"He was rather a busy-body," Alice admitted; "but I am not surprised that he wrote to the bishop. A good many other people used to complain about it. You were not in Belchester very long, so of course you knew nothing about it."

"And do you mean to say that you have no idea at all why he went so often? You don't know what he did there, or anything, not even where he stayed?"

"Not the shred of an idea," Alice declared. "It used to worry me a great deal, and when I came here I hoped it was all over. Now it seems as though it were all beginning again!"

"I believe," I said, "that I know what took him up to London today."

"Really!" Alice cried, eagerly.

I nodded.

"It was a letter."

"One that he had this morning?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Morris gave me the letters through the window," I answered. "There were only two for father. One was from Mr. Hewitt—that was about the schools you know, and the other was from somewhere in South America. It was that letter which took him to London."

She looked at me with knitted brows, and a general expression of perplexity.

"From South America! I never heard father speak of anyone there."

"From South America," I repeated. "It was a large, square envelope, and the writing was very fine and delicate."

"I wonder," Alice suggested, thoughtfully, "whether we have any relatives out there of whom we do not know. It may be that. Perhaps they are poor, and——"

I interrupted her.

"This letter was not from a poor person," I declared, confidently. "The notepaper, or rather the envelope, was expensive, and in very good style. I believe there was a crest on the envelope."

"Still," Alice remarked, "we cannot be certain—especially if the letter was from South America—that it was the cause of his going to London."

"I think we can," I answered. "In one corner there were three words, written very small—'London about fifteenth.'"

We exchanged glances.

"Today is the fifteenth," Alice remarked.

I nodded. It was true. My sister's eyes were full of trouble.

"I wonder," she said, softly, "what will be the end of it all? Sometimes I am almost afraid."

And I, who knew more than she did, was also troubled. Already I was growing to fear my father. Always he seemed to move amongst us with an air of stern repression, as though he were indeed playing a part, wearing always a mask, and as though his real life lay somewhere else, somewhere in the past, or—worse still—somewhere in the present, far away from our quiet little village. I thought of all the stories I had read of men who had lived double lives—men with a double personality one side of whose life and actions must necessarily be a wholesale lie. The fear of something of this sort in connection with my father was gradually laying chill hold upon me. He fulfilled his small parish obligations and carried himself through the little routine of our domestic life with a stern air of thoughtful abstraction, as though he were performing in a mechanical manner duties contemptible, trivial and uninteresting, for some secret and hidden reason. Was there another life? My own eyes had shown me that there was another man. Twice had I seen this mask raised; first when he had come face to face with Bruce Deville, and again when he had found me talking with our curious neighbor beneath the roof of the Yellow House. Another man had leaped out then. Who was he? What was he? Did he exist solely in the past, or was there a present—worse still, a future—to be developed?

We were standing side by side at the window. Suddenly there was a diversion. Our gate was flung open. A tall figure came up the drive towards the house. Alice watched it with curiosity.

"Here is a visitor," she remarked. "We had better go away."

I recognized him, and I remained where I was. After that little scene upon the lawn only last Sunday I certainly had not expected to see Mr. Bruce Deville again within the confines of our little demesne. Yet there he was, walking swiftly up the gravel walk—tall, untidy, and with that habitual contraction of the thick eyebrows which was almost a scowl. I stepped out to meet him, leaving Alice at the window. He regarded us coldly, and raised his cap with the stiffest and most ungracious of salutes.

"Is Mr. Ffolliot in?" he asked me, "I should like to have a word with him."

I ignored his question for a moment.

"Good morning, Mr. Deville," I said quietly.

His color rose a little. He was not so insensible as he tried to appear, but his bow was flagrantly ironical.

"Good morning, Miss Ffolliot," he answered, frigidly. "I should like a word with your father—if I could trouble you so far as to tell him that I am here."

"My father will be exceedingly sorry to have missed you," I answered, smiling upon him; "he is out just now."

His frown deepened, and he was obviously annoyed. He made ready to depart.

"Can you tell me when he will be in?" he asked. "I will call again."

"I am afraid that I cannot positively," I answered. "We expect him home on Friday, but I don't know at what time."

He turned round upon me with a sudden change of his face. His curiously colored eyes seemed to have caught fire.

"Do you mean that he has gone away?" he asked, brusquely.

"He has gone to London this afternoon," I answered. "Can I give him any message from you?"

He stood quite still, and seemed to be looking me through and through. Then he drew a small time-table from his pocket.

"Annesly Junction, 3:30; St. Pancras, 7:50," he muttered to himself. "Thank you; good morning."

He turned upon his heel, but I called him back.

"Mr. Deville."

He stopped short and looked around. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I am in a hurry."

"Oh, very well," I answered. "I should be sorry to detain you. You dropped something when you took out your time-table, and it occurred to me that you might want it again. That is all."

He came back with three great strides. A square envelope, to which I was pointing, lay on the ground almost at my feet. As he stooped to pick it up I too glanced at it for the second time. A little exclamation escaped from my lips. He looked at me inquiringly.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Good morning, Mr. Deville."

He hesitated for a moment. He was evidently desirous of knowing why I had uttered that exclamation. I did not choose t osatisfy him.

"I thought you made some remark," he said. "What was it?"

"It was nothing," I told him. "You are in a hurry, I think you said. Don't let me keep you."

He pocketed the envelope and strode away. Alice came out of the low window to me, looking after him with wide-open eyes.

"What an extraordinary man!" she exclaimed.

But I did not answer her immediately. I had found something else to think about. There was no possibility of any mistake. The handwriting upon the envelope which Mr. Deville had dropped was the same as that which had summoned my father to London.

CHAPTER VI.

The Millionaire.

On the Thursday following my father's departure for London Lady Naselton sent her carriage for me, and a note marked urgent. It contained only a few lines, evidently written in a hurry.

"Naselton, Thursday.

"My dear girl:—Put on your calling-frock and come up to tea at once. The Romneys and a few other people are coming over, and Fred brought a most interesting man down from town this morning. I want you to know him. He is quite delightful to talk to, and is a millionaire! Come and help me entertain him. Yours ever,

"AMY NASELTON."

I laughed as I went up stairs to change my things. Lady Naselton was famed throughout the county as an inveterate matchmaker. Without a doubt the millionaire who was delightful to talk to was already in her mind as the most suitable match for a poor country clergyman's daughter who had the misfortune to possess ambitions. I could tell by the fussy manner in which she greeted me that she considered the matter already almost settled. The room was full of people, but my particular victim was sitting alone in a recess. Evidently he had been kept back for my behoof. Lady Naselton, as though suddenly remembering his presence, brought him over and introduced him at once.

"Mr. Berdenstein," she said—"Miss Ffolliot. Will you see that Miss Ffolliot has some tea?" she added, smiling upon him blandly. "My servants all seem so stupid today."

I sat down and looked at him while he attended to my wants. At the first glance I disliked him. He was tall and dark, with sallow face and regular features of somewhat Jewish type. There was too much unction about his manner. He smiled continually, and showed his teeth too often. I found myself wondering whether he had made his million in a shop. I was forced to talk to him, however, and I settled myself down to be bored.

"You have not been in England long?"

"About three days," he answered.

His voice was not so bad. I looked at him again. His face was not a pleasant one, and he seemed to be scarcely at his ease, added to which something in his bearing indistinctly suggested a limited acquaintance with drawing-rooms such as Lady Naselton's. Yet it was possible that he was clever. His forehead was well shaped, and his mouth determined.

"Mr. Fred Naselton was the first man I saw in London," he went on. "It was a very odd thing to run against him before I was well off the ship."

"He was an old friend of yours?" I continued, purely for the sake of keeping up the conversation.

"Not very. Oh, no! Scarcely friend at all," he disclaimed. "I did him a turn in Rio last month. Nothing to speak of, but he was grateful."

"Where?" I asked, abruptly

"Rio," he repeated. "Rio Janiero—you know, capital of South America."

I turned and faced him suddenly. His eyes had been fixed on my face. He had been watching me furtively. My heart beat suddenly faster. I drew a little breath. I could not trust myself to speak for a moment. After a brief pause he continued—

"I've been out there a good many years. Long enough to get jolly well sick of the place and people and everything connected with it. I'm thankful to say that I've finished with it."

"You are not going back, then," I remarked indifferently.

"Not I," he declared. "I only went to make money, and I've made it—a good deal. Now I'm going to enjoy it, here, in the old country. Marry and settle down, and all that sort of thing, you know, Miss Ffolliot."

His keen, black eyes were fixed upon my face. I felt a slight flush of colour in my cheeks. At that moment I hated Lady Naselton. She had been talking to this odious man about me, and he had been quick enough to understand her aright. I should have liked to have got up but for a certain reason. He had come from South America. He had arrived in London about the 15th. So I sat there and suffered.

"A most praiseworthy ambition," I remarked, with a sarcasm which I strove vainly to keep to myself. "I am sure I wish you every success."

"That is very good of you," he answered, slowly. "Wishes count for a good deal sometimes. I am very thankful for yours."

"Wishes cost little," I answered, coldly, "and I am afraid that mine are practically valueless. Have you been away from England long?"

"For many years," he answered, after a slight hesitation.

"It seems odd," I remarked, "that your first visit should be at the house of a comparative stranger. Have you no relations or old friends to welcome you back?"

A slight and peculiar smile hovered upon his lips.

"I have some old friends," he said, quietly; "I do not know whether they will welcome me home again. Soon I shall know. I am not far away from them."

"Do they know of your return?" I asked.

"Some of them. One of them I should say," he answered. "The one about whom I care does not know."

"You are going to surprise him?" I remarked.

"I am going to surprise her," he corrected.

There was a short silence. I had no more doubt in my mind. Chance had brought me face to face with the writer of that letter to my father, the man to find whom he was even now in London. Perhaps they had already met; I stole a glance at him; he was furtively watching me all the while.

"I have also," he said, "a sister of whom I am very fond. She lives in Paris. I have written to her to come to me—not here, of course, to London."

I turned a little in my chair and faced him.

"I wonder," I said, "if amongst those friends of whom you speak there is any one whom I know."

His lips parted, and he showed all his glistening white teeth.

"Somehow," he said softly, under his breath, "I thought you knew. Has your father sent you here? Have you any message for me? If so, let me have it, we may be disturbed."

I shook my head.

"My father is in London," I told him. "He left the morning he had your letter."

"When is he coming back?" he asked, eagerly.

"On Friday, I believe," I answered. "I am not quite sure. At any rate, he will be here by Sunday."

An odd look flashed for a moment across the man's face. It gave me an uneasy sensation.

"Have you seen him in London?" I asked quickly.

"Certainly not," he answered; "I have seen no one. I have only been in England for a day or two. I shall look forward," he added, "to the pleasure of seeing your father on Sunday."

"And Mr. Bruce Deville?" I inquired.

He looked at me suspiciously. He was wondering how much I knew.

"Mr. Bruce Deville?" he said, slowly. "I have not seen him lately; they tell me he has altered a great deal."

"I have only known him a week, and so I cannot tell," I answered.

Again he fixed his little dark eyes upon me, he was evidently completely puzzled.

"You have only known him a week, and yet you know that—that he and I are not strangers?"

"I learned it by accident," I answered.

Obviously he did not believe me; he hesitated for a moment to put his disbelief into words, and in the meantime I made a bold stroke.

"Have you seen Adelaide Fortress yet?" I asked.

His face changed. He looked at me half in wonder, half eagerly; his whole expression had softened.

"Not yet," he said; "I am waiting to know where she is; I would go to her today—if only I dared—if only I dared!"

His dark eyes were lit with passion; a pale shade seemed to have crept in upon the sallowness of his cheeks.

"When you talk of her," he said, speaking rapidly, and with his voice thick with some manner of agitation, "you make me forget everything! You make me forget who you are, who she is, where we are! I remember only that she exists! Oh, my God!"

I laid my hand upon his coat sleeve.

"Be careful," I whispered. "People will notice you; speak lower."

His voice sank; it was still, however, hoarse with passion.

"I shall know soon," he said, "very soon, whether the years have made her any kinder; whether the dream, the wild dream of my life, is any nearer completion. Oh, you may start!" he added, looking into my white, puzzled face; "you and your father, and Deville, and the whole world may know it. I love her still! I am going to regain her or die! There! You see it is to be no secret war; go and tell your father if you like, tell them all, bid them prepare. If they stand in my way they must suffer. Soon I am going to her. I am going to stand before her and point to my gray hairs, and say, 'Every one of them is a thought of you; every day of my life has been moulded towards the winning of you.' And when I tell her that, and point to my past, she will be mine again."

"You are very sure of her," I murmured.

"Alas! no," he cried, "I cannot say that; only it is my hope and my passion which are so strong. They run away with me; I picture it to myself—this blessed thing—and I forget. Listen!" he added, with sudden emphasis, "you must promise me something. I have let my tongue go too fast. I have talked to you as my other self; you must promise me one thing."

"What is it?" I asked.

"You must promise me that you will not speak of my presence here to her. In a day or two—well, we shall see. I shall go to her then; I shall risk everything. But at present, no! She must be ignorant of my return until I myself declare it. You will promise me this?"

I promised. I scarcely dared do otherwise if I wished to avoid a scene, for already the agitation and occasional excitement of his speech were attracting attention. But, having promised, I asked him a question.

"Will not Mr. Deville tell her—or my father?"

"It is just possible that Mr. Deville might," he said, with the air of one who had well considered the matter. "But I do not think it likely; there are certain reasons which would probably keep him silent."

"And my father?" I asked.

Again there was an odd look in his face. Somehow it filled me with vague alarm; I could not imagine what it meant.

"I do not think," he answered, "that you father will tell her; I am nearly sure that he will not. No, I myself shall announce my return. I shall stand face to face with her before she has learned to school her countenance. I shall see in the light or in the darkness how she holds me. It will be a test—a glorious test."

Lady Naselton came rustling up to us with beaming face. "My dear girl," she said, "I am so sorry to disturb you, you both look so interested. Whatever you have found to talk about I can't imagine. Lady Romney is going; she would like to know you. Would you mind coming to speak to her?"

"With pleasure," I declared, rising at once to my feet; "I must be going too. Good afternoon, Mr. Berdenstein."

He held out his hand, but I had no intention of shaking hands with him. I bowed coldly, and turned to follow Lady Naselton.

"Perhaps it is best," he murmured, leaning a little forward. "We cannot possibly be friends; no doubt you hate me; we are on opposite sides. Good afternoon, Miss Ffolliot."

I followed Lady Naselton, but before we had reached the Romneys, I stopped her.

"Lady Naselton, who is that man?" I asked her. "What do you know of him?"

"My dear child," she answered, "from the confidential manner in which you have been talking all this time, I should have imagined that he had told you his history from childhood. Frankly, I don't know anything about him at all. He was very good to Fred in South America, and he has made a lot of money, that is really all I know. Fred met him in town, and brought him down without notice. I hope," she added, looking at my pale face, "that he has been behaving himself properly."

"I have no fault to find with him," I answered. "I was curious, that is all."

"I am so glad, dear," she answered, smiling. "For a millionaire you know, I don't consider him at all unpresentable, do you?"

I smiled faintly. Poor Lady Naselton!

"He did not strike me as being remarkably objectionable," I answered. "He is a little awkward, and very confidential."

Lady Naselton piloted me across the room towards the Romneys, with her arm linked in mine.

"We must make a few allowances, my dear," she whispered, confidentially. "One cannot have everything nowadays. He is really not so bad, and the money is quite safe. In diamonds, or something, Fred says. It is quite a million."

I glanced back to him as I stood talking with the Romneys. He was sitting quietly where I had left him, watching me covertly. His black eyebrows were drawn together, and a certain look of anxiety seemed to have sharpened his sallow features. His eyes fell at once before mine. I felt that I would have given everything I possessed in the world to have known who he was.

(To Be Continued.)

THE SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER XXV.

With the letter to Beatrice safe in her pocket, Mary made her way to the Royal Palace Hotel. She had her own idea as to what she was going to do, and that certainly was not to invite Beatrice to go to Wandsworth. For the girl had a difficult and dangerous task before her. Rightly or wrongly, it seemed to her that her place was by the side of the brother who had treated her so badly. Many a good woman before had sacrificed herself to a scoundrel, and many a good woman will do so again. Mary had always clung to the idea that Sartoris might be brought back to the fold again. She knew pretty well how far he had fallen, but she did not quite understand the deep depravity of the man's nature. After all, he was an object to be pitied; after all, he had been the victim of a woman's cruelty, or so Mary thought. But Mary did not know everything; had she done so she would have been forced to leave her brother to his own devices.

She came at length to the Royal Palace Hotel, and asked for Beatrice. The latter was in her room, she was told, and Mary went up. But Beatrice was not there, her place for the time being occupied by Adeline, the maid.

"My mistress is out," the maid explained; "but if you will leave any message I can deliver it. She will not be very long, in any case."

Mary hesitated. She had many things to do and no time to waste. It was not altogether imperative that she should see Beatrice just at the moment. She turned the matter over in her mind before she replied to Adeline's suggestion.

"I rather wanted to see your mistress," she said. "Perhaps I may make it convenient to return in about half an hour or so. Meanwhile, will you please give her this letter. Will you be very careful to say that Mrs. Richford is to do nothing till she has seen me? I mean that she is not to take any steps in the matter of the letter till I come back. Will you be especially careful about that?"

Adeline promised, in a vague kind of way. She did not express the usual curiosity of her class; her mind seemed to be elsewhere. She showed Mary out with an alacrity that would have aroused her suspicions had she had less to occupy her mind. But Adeline had affairs of her own to think of. There was a very striking looking valet on the same floor who had

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Inability to hold urine, smarting in passing, uric acid, headache, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

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shown himself not insensible to the girl's attractions. Adeline laid the note on the table and promptly forgot all about it.

In the full assurance that no harm was possible for the present, Mary went her way. It was getting late in the evening now, and the hotel was full of people; a strange excitement seemed to be in the air; outside, the newsboys were particularly busy, and there seemed to be a more than usually heavy run on their wares.

Surely they were shouting a familiar name, Mary thought. She came out of her brown study and listened. It was something to do with Stephen Richford. Surely there could not be two men of the same name. No; it must be the same.

"Startling disclosures in the City. Collapse of a great firm. Richford & Co. go down. Warrant out for the arrest of the senior partner. Flight of Stephen Richford."

Mary listened in amazement. Her brother knew a great deal about this man; he had always been spoken of as a wealthy individual. And here was Beatrice Darryll's husband a criminal and a fugitive from justice. Nobody appeared to be talking about anything else; the name was on the streets. Mary could hear it everywhere. A bent man, with a clerical hat and glasses and an Inverness cape, hurried by the girl as she came out of the hotel. Even this elderly gentleman seemed interested.

He pushed his way into the hotel and feebly ascended the stairs as if he had business there. In so large a place every respectably dressed man could pass in and out without incurring suspicion. No hall porter would stop any visitor and ask his business, so that the elderly gentleman passed unchallenged. As he came to the door of Beatrice's room he hesitated for a moment, and then passed in and closed the door behind him.

"Nobody here!" he muttered. "Maid gone off on her own business, I suppose. Well, I can sit down here and wait till Beatrice comes back. What's this? A letter addressed by some unknown correspondent to Mrs. Richford. By Jove! Sartoris' address on the flap. Now, what does this little game mean? And who wrote the letter? My dear Sartoris, if I only had you here for the next five minutes!"

The man's face suddenly convulsed with rage, his fists were clenched passionately. He paced up and down the room with the letter in his hand.

"This may tell me something," he said; "this may be a clue. I'll open it."

As frequently happens with thick envelopes, the gum was defective, and the back of a penknife served to open the cover without in any way betraying the fact that the cover had been tampered with. A puzzled frown crossed the face of the thief.

"Berrington!" he muttered; "Berrington! Oh, I know. That beast, eh? Now considering that he is more or less of a prisoner in the house of my dear friend Sartoris, why does he write like this to Beatrice? D—n Sartoris; there is no getting to the bottom of him, with his wily brain. On the whole Beatrice shall be allowed to go. It's a horrible position for a girl like her; but at the present moment I have no choice—perhaps I'll join the party later on. Hang those newsboys, too—why can't they stop their silly clatter?"

The intruder replaced the letter, and a moment later Beatrice came in. She started at the sight of the stranger who made some apology for the intrusion. The man looked old and respectable and harmless, so that the girl smiled at him. She did not smile when the shovel hat was removed, together with the wig and the glasses.

"Stephen!" Beatrice gasped. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Well, I can conclude that my disguise is a pretty good one," Richford grinned, "seeing that you did not recognize me at all. And as to what this means, I should say that your own common sense would tell you. Did you hear anything?"

"I heard the boys with the papers," eBatrice said; "but I did not connect . . . do you mean to say that you are, you are—"

Beatrice could not say the word. But there was no reason for her to ask the question.

"Why be so delicate about it in the presence of a mere husband?" Richford sneered. "Do you suppose I came here in disguise just to give you a pleasant surprise? The bubble has been pricked, and all the rest of it. I went for too much, and I failed, as many a better man has failed before me. I have Carl Sartoris to thank for this; I should have pulled through but for him. This is his revenge because I would not do as he desired. Whatever you do, beware of that man! Don't go near him under any circumstances."

"I am not likely to go near him," Beatrice said coldly; "but tell me, why did you come here? It is not possible that I can help you in any way!"

"Oh, yes, it is," Richford said, with a certain good humor that caused Beatrice to turn suspicious at once. "You can do a great deal for me if you only will. I am going to leave you a desolate and disconsolate widow. A grass widow, if you like; but you will have your freedom. I am going to leave my country for my country's good; I shall never come back again. But the crash has come at a time when I least expected it, which is a habit that crashes have. I had barely time to procure this disguise before the wolves were after me. They are hot on my track now, and I have no time to spare. What I come for is money."

"Money! Surely you made a sorry mistake then!"

"Oh, no; I'm not asking for cash, seeing that you have practically none of your own. As you refuse to consider yourself my wife, in future you must also decline to take anything from me. Therefore those diamonds are not your property. If you will hand them over to me, we will shake hands and part forever."

Beatrice drew a long, deep breath of something like relief. It was good to know that this man was going to rid her of his hateful presence forever, but this was too big a price to pay for her freedom.

"Let us quite understand one another," she said. "Your business is ruined; there is nothing left. What about your creditors, the people who trusted you?"

"Burn and blister my creditors," Richford burst out furiously. "What do they matter? Of course the fools who trusted me with their money will cry out. But they only trusted it with me because they thought that I was slaving and scheming to pay them big dividends. It will not be the welfare of my creditors that keeps me awake at night."

"Always cold and callous and indifferent to the feelings of others," Beatrice said. "Not even one single thought for the poor people that you have ruined. What are those diamonds worth?"

"Well, I gave £40,000 for them. I dare say I can get, say £30,000 for them. But we are wasting time in idle discourse like this."

"Indeed, we are," Beatrice said, coldly. "So you think that in the face of what you have just told me, I am going to hand those stones over to you! Nothing of the kind. I shall keep them in trust for your creditors. When the right time comes I shall hand them over to the proper authorities. Nothing will turn me from my decision."

A snarling oath burst from Richford's lips. He stretched out his hand as if he would have fain taken Beatrice by the throat and strangled her.

"Don't fool with me," he said hoarsely; "don't play with me, or I may forget myself. Give me those diamonds if you have any respect for your skin."

But Beatrice made not the slightest attempt to move. Her face had grown very pale, still she was quite resolute.

"If you think to frighten me by threats, you are merely wasting your time," she said coldly. "The stones are in safe keeping, and there they remain till I can give them to your trustees."

"But I am powerless," Richford said. "How am I to get away? In a few hours all my resources will be exhausted, and I shall fall into the hands of the police. And a nice thing that would be. Your husband a felon, with a long term of imprisonment before him!"

"I see no dissimilarity," Beatrice said, "between the deed and the punishment that fits it. After all I have gone through, a little thing like that would make no difference to me."

"Then you are not going to part with those diamonds?"

Beatrice shook her head. Richford stood before her with one of his hands on her arm and his other about her white, slender throat. There was a murderous look on his face, but the eyes that Beatrice turned upon him did not for a moment droop. Then Richford pushed the girl away brutally from him and walked as far as the door.

"You don't want for pluck," he growled. "I believe that if you had flinched just now I should have killed you. And I was going to save you from a danger. I shall do nothing of the kind. Go your own way, and I will go mine."

Richford glanced at the letter on the table, then he passed out, banging the door behind him. In the foyer of the hotel he sat down as if waiting for somebody. In reality he was trying to collect his scattered thoughts. But it was hard work in that chattering, laughing mob, with his own name on the lips of a hundred people there.

CHAPTER XXVI

The venerable-looking old cleric sat there for the better part of an hour in the patient attitude of one who waits for a friend, but though he puzzled his cunning brain he could see no way out of the difficulty. He had no money and the police were after him. He recognized only too well that he had to thank Sartoris for this—he had measured his cunning against that of the little cripple, and he had failed. He had played for the greater part of the stake that was at the bottom of the mystery, and he had paid the penalty. Bitterly he regretted his folly now.

Presently his humming brain began to clear. He saw one or two people there whom he knew; he saw Beatrice come down to the office and go out presently with a little flat case under her arm. Richford's eyes gleamed, and a glow of inspiration thrilled him.

"As sure as fate she has the diamonds," he told himself. "She is afraid that I should hit upon some scheme for getting them, and she is going to dispose of them in some hiding place. I'll follow her. Courage, my boy—the game is not up yet."

As a matter of fact, Richford had summed up the situation correctly. In some vague way Beatrice was a little alarmed. She had heard of such things as injunctions and the like. Suppose the law stepped in to protect the rogue, as the law does sometimes. And Beatrice had something else to do, for she had read Berrington's letter, and she had made up her mind to go to Wandsworth without delay. But first of all she would walk as far as the old family jewelers' in Bond street and deposit the stones there. She had every faith in the head of the firm, whom the family had dealt with for so many years.

No sooner had Beatrice stepped out of the hotel than Mary Sartoris came back. She proceeded quietly up the stairs to find Adeline alone in the room of her mistress. The girl blushed as Mary put the question that rose naturally to her lips.

"I'm very sorry, miss," the girl stammered; "but I forgot all about your message and the letter. I left the letter on the table, and my mistress has just gone out."

"Did she get the letter before she went?" Mary asked quickly.

"Well, yes, I suppose so, miss," was the reply, "seeing that the letter is no longer on the table. I suppose that my mistress has got it. She must have done so, for the envelope is in the grate."

Sure enough, the envelope with the forged handwriting of Berrington upon it lay in the grate. Mary was too mortified to speak for the moment, besides there was no occasion to tell the maid anything.

"I'm sorry you were so careless," she said. "Did your mistress go out alone?"

"I believe so," the contrite Adeline said. "She had a visitor, an old clergyman who—"

But Mary was not listening, she was only thinking of Beatrice's danger. At the same time she had a clear recollection of the old clergyman, for he had pushed past her into the hotel at the moment when she was leaving the building for the first time.

She went out into the street which was dark by this time. She would take a cab to Wandsworth at once and get there before Beatrice came. But there was no cab in sight, so that Mary had to walk some little way. At the corner of the road she stopped and hesitated for a moment. Close by stood the well-dressed couple who had imposed themselves upon Beatrice under the guise of Countess de la Moray and General Gastang.

Whatever were they doing here just now Mary wondered? Just for the moment it flashed across her mind that they were prying upon her movements. But another idea occurred to her, as the two were accosted by the old clergyman that Mary had seen before, and who had bee na visitor to Beatrice Richford such a little time previously.

She saw the man raise his hat politely at some question from the clergyman, then she saw his face change to a startled expression and instantly Mary understood.

"I know who it is," she said half aloud. "It is Stephen Richford in disguise. He has been to see his wife. I should like to know what they are talking about."

The trio were talking very earnestly indeed now. Just for the moment it had looked as if the man called Reggie and the woman called Cora had decided to give Richford the cold shoulder. But he had said a few words, and the scene was suddenly changed. The three walked off together and turned into a small restaurant a little way down the street.

Moved by a feeling which she would have had some trouble to explain, Mary followed. In some vague way she felt that Beatrice was in danger. The restaurant was by no means a fashionable one, and few people were there. Mary noticed, too, that the inside was divided into compartments in the old-fashioned way. She stepped into the box next the one where the three conspirators were seated and ordered a cup of tea. It was a satisfaction to the girl to know that she could hear all that was being said in the other box. She heard the popping of a champagne cork, speedily followed by another. She had only to sit there and listen. She had forgotten all about Beatrice by this time.

"Wine like that puts life into a man," she heard Richford say.

"And gives him a tongue too," the man called Reggie laughed. "Deadly expensive stuff unless you can see some reasonable return for your outlay in the near future. Come, Richford, we are both eager to know how you propose to put money into our pockets."

"And, yet I can put a lot," Richford said. "Oh, you need not be afraid of that crooked little devil at Wandsworth, for he shall not know anything about it. What do you say to 10,000 pounds apiece and nobody any the wiser? Doesn't that make your mouth water?"

"It would if you could show me the way," Reggie said. "But in the most delicate way possible, my dear Richford, let me put it to you—that you are under a cloud at present. And why do you offer to divide the plunder in this very irrational way?"

"Simply because I am under a cloud," Richford growled. "I'm powerless and desperate. I don't even know where to turn for a night's lodging. Now look here, the matter may take a day or two, and in the meantime I've got to put up somewhere. And as a warrant of my good faith, I'm not going to ask you for any money. All I require is food and a bed and shelter, and that you may very well give me at Edward street. Sartoris never goes there."

"Make it worth while and the thing's done," Reggie said. "Give it a name."

"Well, suppose we call it diamonds?" Richford suggested. "Have you forgotten those magnificent diamonds that I gave my wife, bless her, for a wedding present?"

A little gasp came from the listeners. It was evident to Richford that he had struck the right chord, for he proceeded with more confidence.

"I gave my dear wife stones worth nearly, if not quite, £40,000," he said. "I didn't hand over that little lot altogether out of disinterested affection. A man who takes risks, as I do, is pretty sure to come up against a financial crisis sooner or later, only it has been sooner in this case. Though my wife chose to ignore me, I left the stones in her possession because, being my wife, no creditor could lay hands upon those gems. I went to her today and asekd for them. Of course I did not anticipate any difficulty whatever; I expected that she would cock that imperially haughty nose of hers in the air and hand them over to me as if I were dirt beneath her feet. To my astonishment she utterly refused to do anything of the kind."

"Unkind," the woman Cora laughed; "and yet so like a modern wife. Had she pawned them?"

"Not she! I was fool enough to say something that was not quite complimentary of my creditors, and she refused to part with the stones anyhow. Said that they would go to pay my debts. I threatened violence and all kinds of things, but it was no good. I said that unless I had money in forty-eight hours I should be in jail, but it was all to no effect. Did you ever hear anything so maddening in all your life?"

"You have my deepest sympathy," Reggie said; "but you did not bring us here to listen to a story that has no point to it like yours. You have got some scheme in your head for getting hold of the stones. But you can't do it alone."

"If I could should I be such a cursed fool as to bring you two in?" Richford growled. "But I—but I can't appear. All I can do is to show you the way and trust to your honor to give me a third of the plunder when it is turned into cash."

"Hadn't you better get to the point?" Reggie suggested with undisguised eagerness.

"I'm coming to that. After my interview with my wife I sat in the hall trying to pull myself together. Presently I saw her ladyship come down and go to the office. Those diamonds had been deposited in the hotel safe for obvious reasons. My wife came out of the office presently with the case in her hand. Then I recognized what had happened. She was afraid of some move of mine, and she was going to deposit the stones elsewhere. It did not take me long to make up my mind where she was going. She was about to take the plunder to Hilton in Bond street."

"How long ago?" the woman called Cora asked eagerly. "This is important."

"Well, not more than an hour, anyway," Richford replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because Hilton closes at five," the woman said. "I know that, because the firm has done several little jobs for me lately. You may be pretty sure that your wife did not deposit those stones at Hilton's today; therefore she still has them in her pocket. That being so, what we have to do now is to discover where she has gone. If you like I'll go round to the Royal Palace hotel at once and see if she has returned. I'll ask the clerk in the office, and if he says she has returned, you may safely bet that those stones are back in the hotel safe again. If she has not returned, they are still on her person."

"It's just as well to make sure," Reggie said reflectively.

The woman flitted away and came back soon with a smile on her face.

"So far, so good," she said. "The lady has not returned to the hotel. Now, Mr. Richford, if you can only put us on the track of the timid little hare, then—"

"Done with the greatest possible ease," Richford replied. "She's gone to Wandsworth. I can't make the thing out at all, and in any case it does not in the least matter. When I was waiting for my wife just now I saw a letter to her from Berrington—Colonel Berrington. As you know, he is a prisoner in Audley Place, and why he should have written that letter, or how Sartoris persuaded the warrior to write it, I don't know any more than Adam. But that's where she has gone. If you can intercept her before she gets there, or waylay her when she leaves, why there you are. I don't suppose my wife will tell Sartoris that she has all that stuff in her pocket."

"Do you think she took a cab?" Reggie asked.

"I should say not. Cabs cost money, and Beatrice has not much of that. Wandsworth is not a place you can get to in ten minutes, especially after the business trains have ceased running for the evening; so that if you took a cab—"

Reggie jumped to his feet excitedly. "No use wasting time here," he said. "Come along, Cora. I'll just scribble a few lines on one of my cards, so that you can be safe at Edward street. There you are. And if I don't get those stones before bedtime, why I'm a bigger fool than the police take me for."

Thrilling with excitement, Mary followed the others into the street. She saw the two get into a cab, and she proceeded to take one herself. The cabman looked at her dubiously as he asked where he was to go to.

"No. 100, Audley Place, Wandsworth Common," Mary said. "If you get there ten minutes before the cab in front, I'll give you an extra half-sovereign."

To Be Continued.

The No-Breakfast Habit.

Boston Herald.

The no-breakfast habit is harmless enough, provided a hearty meal is taken, not before going to bed, but early in the evening. Late diners have no need of "breakfast" until noontime. The French and other continental people have discovered this ages ago, and have thrived under it. Barring the cup of coffee or chocolate, the late dining Frenchman wants nothing to eat until luncheon. But the habit of avoiding early food and drink in this stimulating climate when the physical energies must be taxed during the morning hours is one of those silly notions which bear anemic results, visible in the complexion, the color and eventually the constitution of those devoted to it.

Frank for Mrs. Cleveland.

New York Sun.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland will have the privilege of dispatching her mail free of postage if a bill introduced by Representative Overstreet, of Indiana, chairman of the house committee on postoffices and post roads, is enacted into law. It is the custom of congress to extend the franking privilege to the widows of late presidents. This was done in the case of Mrs. McKinley as well as that of Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Harrison has not been authorized to use the frank for the reason that she was not wedded to General Harrison when he occupied the presidential chair.

True.

Puck.

Ryer—"Why don't you buy an auto, Dyer?"

Dyer—"Well, it's cheaper to walk and [illegible]"

Stomach Troubles Quickly Cured

My Peptopad for the Cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Etc., Sent Free to All

Free Relief to Every Man or Woman

I want you to write for one of my powerful $1.00 Peptopads for the cure of all stomach ills, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Acute Gastric Catarrh, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Pains at Pit of Stomach, Constipation, Bowel Pains, etc. No matter what form of stomach trouble you have, let me relieve you free. This offer is extended to every man or woman. I will do just exactly as I say I will do. No change whatever for this powerful Peptopad drank. Wear it, eat and enjoy your meals without pain or distress. If you are really a sufferer just send 10 cts. to pay packing and mailing expenses, and one of my $1.00 Peptopads (Stomach Drafts) will be sent to you free. Write me, O. C. YOUNG, 423 National Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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ESTAB. 1859

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

The heads of my calves are covered with scabs and the hair falls out. Somebody tell me what's the matter and how to treat the ailment.—R., Indian Valley, Va.

I have had considerable trouble with my churning and I lack experience. Will somebody help me? Cannot get any butter. Please tell me how to proceed.—(Letter not signed.)

Is there any way to keep a horse from cribbing? L., Portland, Mich.

I shall be grateful to any one who will give me full directions for the culture and care of celery. What kind is best for the amateur gardener to raise? Time to plant? How to keep for winter use? The soil here in northern Michigan is sandy loam.—B., Westwood, Mich.

I would like to know how to remove warts from a cow's teats.—D., Eagle Point, Ore.

Would like to know how to get rid of rich land weeds without taking them up by the roots.—W., Franklinville, N. C.

Will somebody give me the best method of packing ice?—F., Reedsville, W. Va.

I would like to know the cause of garget. Is there a remedy? Will some Farmstead reader please answer?—H., Skidmore, Pa.

TRANSPLANTING ASPARAGUS

M., Portland, Ark.: Permanent asparagus beds are usually set with roots at least one year old. Roots from older plants are just as good and in some cases better. Young asparagus plants are grown from seed which require from five to eight weeks to germinate. They are perfectly hardy and can be planted early in the spring, thus making a large growth through the summer. The yearling plants should be lifted and reset in permanent beds or rows after they have finished growth.

One method of setting permanent asparagus is to place it in single straight rows across the garden, with rows five feet apart and plants eighteen inches apart in the row. The row is first excavated two feet wide and eighteen inches deep. In the bottom of the trench is placed six inches of fairly well decomposed manure. Also, old shoes, bones, ashes, and some poultry droppings may be added, as they will furnish a variety of plant food, and the old shoes and bones will furnish material for many years. On top of this six inches of rough fertilizer is placed about three inches of fine soil and the mass tramped down as solidly as possible. On this is placed about two inches of fine, thoroughly decomposed manure, which is covered with about an inch of soil.

After the preparation the asparagus roots, each bearing terminal buds, are set and fine soil filled and pressed about them, so that the tips are covered two or three inches deep. For winter protection the rows are covered three or four inches deep with trashy stable manure, only a part of which is removed the following year.

The advantage of planting asparagus and other hardy perennial vegetables in rows is the easy cultivation. In rows the work can quickly and effectively be done with one or two-horse cultivator, stirring the ground and killing the weeds. The manure which is placed on the asparagus row in winter is cultivated into the soil along the row the following spring and summer.

We practice about the same method in planting rhubard as with asparagus. The crown roots are set in trenched rows, with liberal manuring at bottom, about three feet apart. The rows are mulched heavily for winter protection with manure and this manure mulch cultivated into the soil the following growing season. Clean and level surface cultivation are given both plants at all times during the summer. Not a single weed is allowed to come up and grow.

TIME TO WATER HORSES

A horse should be watered before feeding, and never given a large quantity of water after a meal, for the simple reason that the water will wash the food out of the stomach before stomach digestion has taken place and the food will not be well prepared for absorption; and besides it is sometimes the cause of colic.

There is a popular idea that a warm horse should not be allowed to drink and, unlike a great many other popular ideas, there is a little truth in it. If you water a warm horse in the ordinary way, letting him drink all that he will, you are likely to have a foundered horse on your hands. This is especially so if, at the time, the horse is fatigued. Nevertheless, it is always safe to allow him from six to ten swallows, no matter how warm he is. If this be given on going into the stable and he be allowed to stand and eat hay for an hour and is then offered water, he will not drink nearly so much as he would had none been given before.

The danger is not in the first swallow, as we often hear it asserted, but in the excessive quantities will drink if not restrained. The most dangerous time to give a horse a full draught is when he has cooled down from fatiguing work and has partaken of a meal.

John Splan, the great trainer, writes: "As to water, I think that a horse should have all that he wants at all times. A man says: 'Why; will you give your horses water before a race' Yes; before the race, in the race, and after the race, and any other time that he wants to drink." When I say give your horse all the water he wants before the race, I do not mean that you shall tie him in a warm stall where he cannot get a drink for five or six hours on a hot day, and then take him to the pump and give him all that he wants. What I mean is to give him water often and, in that way, he will take only a small quantity at a time.

After long, continuous exertion the system is greatly depleted of fluid. Nature calls for its replacement, and this is the cause of a thirst which is so intense that, if the animal is not restrained at this time, he may drink much more than he needs.

The general custom, almost universally followed, of giving the morning meal before water, is not very objectionable, either theoretically or practically. At this time there is no depletion of fluid, consequently the horse is not very thirsty and does not drink rapidly or excessively, and apparently very little evil results from this method. However, the writer much prefers that the horse should have an opportunity to drink before the morning meal.

Personally, I much perfer keeping horses, both summer and winter, in an open shed, with a large water tank in the yard, to tying them by the head in a barn. This brings us to the arrangement of farm buildings, which I hope to discuss in some subsequent paper.—F. W. Culver, Colorado Experiment Station.

FARM MACHINERY

In what kind of a shell are your farm machinery and tools? asks the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. Many farmers have a big machine shed with the sky for a roof. This is a roomy house, but it has the disadvantage of being leaky when it rains, and water is not the best thing for wood and iron.

So many complain that net profits of farming are small. No wonder, when they are compelled to purchase a new binder or cultivator nearly every summer. These machines ought to and will last for many years if properly cared for.

Now is the time, if it has not already been done, to get all tools and implements carefully stored away in a dry building. On rainy days or at odd times all the wood and iron work should be coated with oil or axle grease to prevent rust and decay. This will not only make them last longer, but will keep them bright and sound for immediate and satisfactory use when they are taken out next spring. Rusty wheels and bearings will not run smooth, and the rusty ploy is a vexation when the new season opens for rush work. A cent's worth of oil and a minute's work now will save an hour's work of scouring and swearing next spring.

Men who get rich and have money to lend make it a point to prolong the life of their farm implements by sheltering them and keeping them well oiled and painted. Why not you?

SALT FOR SHEEP

Sheep naturally possess a very great craving for salt. This is a pretty good indication that it is actually needed somewhere in the proper functioning of their systems. As a matter of fact, science shows that salt is necessary to keep the blood in the required degree of fluidity for free circulation and more particularly to aid in the processes of digestion.

An animal is much less likely to get diseased in any part if there is a good flow of blood to that part. Free circulation is really absolutely necessary to vigor and health. Where plenty of salt is provided the blood does not become thick and sluggish, but remains thin and rich enough to flow freely and easily.

Gastric juice is one of the powerful agents of the stomach which acts upon all the food taken into it. Hydrochloric acid is absolutely essential to the production and proper working of this valuable juice. In order to make hydrochloric acid, there must be chlorine. This substance salt furnishes, hence the reason for giving sheep salt in unlimited supply. In winter when on dry feeds even more than in summer, a large supply of salt is needed. The reason for this is that the chlorine combines more readily with potassium salts, which dry feeds contain in abundance, than it does with hydrogen to make hydrochloric acid. What combines with the salts passes off; and so a greater supply must be given in order to have a sufficient amount of chlorine left to make the hydrochloric acid so necessary in digestion.

When an animal eats plenty of salt, it also drinks more water. This helps in digestion, also, as it helps to soften up the food and to make it more readily absorbed by the blood. Water also helps to carry off waste matters through the kidneys as well as through the skin.

Considering the many benefits accruing from the feeding of salt, as well as the inexpensiveness of this article, it would seem that the wise thing to do is to give sheep all they want of it. The mistake to do as some farmers do, namely, feed it only occasionally. Being fairly crazed for the want of it sheep eat more of it than they have any use for at a single time. They need a little salt all the time, but not a very large amount at any one time. The safe way to do then is to keep salt where they can get it at will. Nature tells them when they need it, and how much they need, and if it is where they have access to it, they will fulfill that demand. This they can do a great deal more correctly than can man. If figure is generally believed that one ounce per head daily is about the right amount of salt for sheep, but if one keeps salt before his sheep constantly he will not worry about weighing it out. They will weigh it out for themselves, taking just the right amount and at just the right time.—St. Louis Weekly Star.

THE SILO THEORY

After a series of painstaking experiments, for which he is noted, Professor Hoecker of the Minnesota station affirmed that there is a misapprehension among the siloists about the quality and feeding value of silage by the presence or absence of ears on the stalks. The general opinion has been that the ear made more valuable by developing the grain. That is, a stalk without an ear will not store up as many units of feed nutrients as it will by forming an ear. This total, of course, includes the ear. Thus the effort is made everywhere to introduce a large growing corn and induce earing. The professor has found that the stalk that has never shown an ear—if left until mature—is the same as another similar stalk supporting the ear. This is not an argument to go back to some variety of corn; it is only this: the ear is not essential if full development and maturity of the plant are secured before siloing. The fact was also found that the "expense" of digestion was much less to the animal where the food solids were in the structure of the plant than when in the grain, though the latter was fossilized by the condition of the succulence as contrasted with grain dried. The discovery opens up new lines of culture. Shall we plant thicker to get more fodder; cultivate a little deeper to arrest too rapid growth and assist in promoting earlier and perfect maturity, which includes, of course, the maximum amount of nutrition?

OVERCROWDING CHICKENS

The great loss each year from overcrowding runs up into thousands of dollars. This can easily be remedied by spending a few cents each for a number of plain boxes. Two gunny sack partitions may be put in these boxes, and each one will accommodate several hundred small chickens. Fifty small chicks is the largest number that can safely be housed together. Most overcrowding is found in brooders, and the most common mistake made is to crowd the rapidity with which a chick develops and hence the necessity of more spacious quarters. The secret is to separate the chicks into small lots and never to let them pile up. Overcrowding results in lack of exercise, food and drink, which means bowel trouble and other diseases. Lack of pure air weakens their system; it is better to cull out half of your flock and raise the remainder in health and vigor than to overcrowd them and suffer the loss of your whole flock. Keep the quarters clean to aid them in digesting what they eat, and free of mites and lice which sap the life out of them in a short time.

Never allow the young stock to be confined in houses and yards that are occupied by old birds, as they tramp and run over them, and thus stunt their growth. Stunted chickens are like stunted pigs—no good as they may pull through to maturity, but they can't develop into healthy birds.

THE POWER OF ROOTS

The tremendous power of a pushing root is a subject for marvel. It will lift stone by the swelling of its slender trunk or rend rocks with the power of dynamite, but silently and invisibly. The pertinacity and force of plants is occasionally shown in the great cities in this wise: Some old residences have vines many years old climbing up their weather-beaten brown fronts. Their roots are deep in the tiny front garden plot, and their tendrils were at first trained up slender cords to the iron balconies on the first floor. These slender green things twined in and out of the iron railing of the balcony like little serpents till they reached the vertical wall, which, nothing daunted, they began to climb.

Little by little the tender green stems changed to hard, woody tissues which swelled into flat plaits to accommodate itself to the bars of the iron railing through which it had woven itself. But the accommodation was only formal, for, swelling steadily, the vine trunks appear today to have become as large as a man's arm, and the iron rails which were its earliest support have been broken in twain by their ungrateful dependents.

Another striking example of the pertinacity of the roots is the following: A drain pipe seemed to be choked. Investigation showed that a thread-like shoot of a tree had penetrated one of the minute pores of the clay pipe; once inside the drain the tendril found such luxurious nourishment that it grew and divided into branches, which wound themselves in coil on coil, until finally passage in the drain was completely choked up. It is said that bucketfuls of tangled filaments were taken out of this pipe, which measured only eight inches in diameter, while the skeins originated in a single thread-like filament, back through which coursed the abundant nourishment to push on the growth of the maple tree above ground.

Like Our Ancestors.

Puck.

"Did you keep the Christmas spirit in the good old-fashioned way?"

"Yes; the girls were careful to make no hints about next summer's vacation and father didn't buy any of the June magazines before the first of January."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN RELIGION GOES TO JAIL

The International Sunday School Lesson for January 31, Is, "The Trial of Peter and John." Acts 4:1-31.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"I wish we might have a few Boxer persecutions in America," said a speaker from China. The remark was somewhat startling, but the point was well taken. He meant that the fires of persecution would both purify and solidify the forces of Christianity. Because religion is respectable, it is likely to lose its edge and earnestness. The ideal conditions under which infant church at Jerusalem began its life were almost too serene to last. They needed to be welded together, and made from molten metal into tempered steel by the fires of persecution. The need was met immediately after the healing of the lame man by Peter and John, for the apostles were arrested and arraigned before the Sanhedrin.

It is not altogether a calamity when a man must go to jail for his religion. In the first place, it makes him test his own faith, to be sure that he has a religion worth going to jail for. The average person's Christianity would be prized more highly if it cost more. In the second place, persecution has always been the means of arresting the attention of the indifferent and the hostile, and of leading men seriously to think upon beliefs for which others are willing to be martyred. Out of the imprisonment of the apostles flowed many tangible results. Pilgrim's Progress, born in a tinker's cell at Bedford, is not the only great fruit of an imprisonment for conscience's sake.

The Challenge of the Heroic.

Sealed beneath the commonplaceness of the average man is a considerable spark of heroism, which responds to the challenge of the heroic. We spend our energies in seeking more comfortable conditions, but really what we need, and in our hours of illumination desire, is not an easy lot, but a harder life. It is the people who have had to wrestle with rigorous climates and difficult territories who have given to history its greatest figures. The church's periods of persecution have produced its most shining saints.

In passing, it is well worth nothing that, thanks to the fearless labors in the past of men and women who have added all things for the truth's sake, there is today probably no spot in the world, except Thibet, where men can be imprisoned because of their religious convictions. Within six months the religious intolerance of the Turkish rule has been broken. Now, at the very centers of Mohammedanism, religious liberty prevails. The experience of Peter and John, who were arrested on theological grounds, cannot be duplicated. The days of the great reformers, when men went to the stake because of intellectual convictions, seem to have passed away. The long line of imprisoned champions of truth has been the liberators of the present generation.

Standing With Their Leader.

This picture of Peter and John before the Sanedrin as it sat in state, recalls inevitably that earlier picture of the same man when the Sanhedrin was once before sitting. Then he cowered and cringed and skulked on the outskirts of the scene, startled by the mild words of a servant maid, trying in vain to drive away the chill from his heart by a fire kindled by his Leader's enemies; and even lying and cursing in a vain effort to separate himself from relationship with the majestic prisoner within. An abject, pitiable figure was that cowardly Peter. Now, however, we see him standing just where his Master had stood. He is in his right place, face to face with the same foes. No more does he need to warm himself, for his heart is aglow with love and pride, that he has been counted worthy to stand in the stead of his Master. We pity the heroes and martyrs of faith, when really we ought to envy them. The most comfortable men in all that distinguished Jerusalem assembly that day were the two prisoners, Peter and John.

There was exaltation in the spirit of this fearless prisoner. His arraignment gave him a chance to preach to the very leaders of the Jewish nation. They would not for any consideration come to hear him, but lo! they had brought him to them, where they were obliged to listen to him. Over against the trifling inconvenience of the arrest and imprisonment was this glorious privilege of preaching a straight gospel to the men who had crucified Christ.

Knights Without Fear.

A man who has the fear of God in his heart is never afraid of men. It was straight preaching that Peter did before the Sanhedrin. The sumptuous robes of the high priest, and the phylacteries of the eminent theologians, together with all the conscious dignity of the council, did not impress these two humble prisoners. They preached a direct and definite gospel, while confronting these eminent adversaries of their Lord. They challenged the latter's position, and avowed themselves disciples of the Nazarene, concerning whom they said, "Whom ye crucified." Quoting from the scriptures in which these men were experts the prisoners, with splendid audacity, declared: "He is the stone which was set at nought of you the builders, which was made the head of the corner."

The picture is one to ponder, in contrast with that of some modern preachers who are overwhelmed by the dignity and social position of an occasional leading man in their pews. I have in mind at this moment a prescher whose pulpit ought to be a fingerboard for the thinking and living of his city, a place for rare opportunity. This man became so impressed with the social, political, and financial dignity of a few of his leading parishioners that he devoted all his great talents to winning their approval. He succeeded in this, but he failed as a minister. Never by a hair's breadth, apparently, has he turned those same men from conduct which has since been revealed to be infamously scandalous. Woe unto the preacher or the teacher who has abdicated his right to rebuke wickedness wherever found, or who differentiates between the rich and the poor in the pulpit!

The Benefit of Boldness.

The unabashed fearlessness of the two prisoners upset all the calculations of the Sanhedrin. Here occurs a famous phrase which is often used out of its connection: "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." That is a phrase often heard in prayer meetings. Why did the Sanhedrin take knowledge of Peter and John? Because of their boldness. It was "when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled: and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Those words "unlearned and ignorant men" might be freely and correctly interpreted, "unordained laymen." The point is that these men were not trained rabbis, but plain men from without the schools. It still remains true that when the unprof

DIABETES.

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Mr. H. S. Brewer, a prominent real estate dealer of Rochester, N. Y., who suffered intensely from diabetes, has been greatly benefitted by the use of Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

"After suffering greatly from Diabetes Mellitus for some time and not experiencing any relief from different courses of treatment prescribed, I commenced the use of Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure and soon noticed a great improvement in my condition.

The excessive thirst and abnormal appetite have disappeared. The flow of urine has been reduced to the normal amount. The amount of sugar is greatly lessened, my weight has increased and I am surely recovering my usual health.

I therefore consider it a duty to recommend the use of Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure to the many sufferers from this dread disease, feeling confident that they will experience the same beneficial results from its use."
—H. S. Brewer, Rochester, N. Y.

TRY THIS SIMPLE TEST:

Put some urine in a glass or bottle. After it has stood 24 hours, if it is cloudy, or contains a reddish-brown sediment, or if particles float about in it your kidneys are diseased and unable to do their work.

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If after making this test you have any doubt as to the development of the disease in your system, send a sample of your urine to our Medical Department, and our doctors will analyze it and send you a report, with advice, and medical booklet, free.

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Trial Bottle Free To convince every sufferer from Diabetes that WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE will cure, a trial bottle will be sent absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, postpaid, to any one who will write WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., Rochester, N. Y., and mention having seen this liberal offer in Toledo Weekly Blade.

The genuineness of this offer is fully guaranteed by the publisher.

Zelaya's Soaring Ambition.

Mobile Dispatch to New York World.

Gen. John Drummond, who has resided for twenty years in various parts of Central America, says in an interview here that Central American will never be quiet until President Zelaya, of Nicaragua has been removed from power. He declares that Zelaya's purpose is to overthrow all governments in Central America and make himself dictator, and to that end is creating a revolution in Honduras and Salvador as a blind to attack the government of Guatemala.

"Zelaya is trying to force himself upon the people of Central America through a pliant tool," says Gen. Drummond. "This tool is Luis Anderson, at one time minister of foreign affairs of Costa Rica, who is the apparent candidate of Zelaya and President Diaz of Mexico for the presidency of the United Central American republic.

"In reality Zelaya intends that he shall be the dictator himself, the absolute and complete master of all those countries. His purpose is to settle old scores with President Cabrera of Guatemala, his inveterate enemy, and to destroy what is the only sane and established government of Central America, that of Gautemala."

Hale and Frye Oldest.

Washington Post.

The six oldest senators in point of service are Hale, Frye, Aldrich, Cullom, Teller and Daniel. On March 4 Senator Teller will be retired, and Senator Daniel will move up to number five. Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who will be re-elected this January, will become number six on the list.

The Maine senators entered the senate within ten days of each other, in 1881. The same year Senator Aldrich made his debut as a United States senator, two years after Cullom was elected, and two years after that Senator Teller's service was interrupted by the three years and over that he served in President Arthur's cabinet.

SAL'SB'IRY SAL.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

EBEN SHAW'S shop stood in the front part of the yard that surrounded his house. It was a small, boxlike structure, containing but one room, and this was just large enough for Eben and the few appurtenances of his trade. For more years than anyone could remember unless they stopped to count, Eben had been the village cobbler. He had a few customers for whom he made shoes, but the greater part of his work was mending, and this kept him busily employed.

Eben was a long, lean man, with a long, lean face that was cracked with innumerable tiny wrinkles when he smiled or laughed, which was frequently. So far as money was concerned, Eben and his wife were poor, but they were happy, and none is poor who is happy. Mrs. Shaw was a little dumpling of a woman, and was so diminutive in stature, that when Eben rose to his towering height and held his arm out straight from his shoulder she could stand under it and there would still be space between the top of her head and the arm, though she declared that Eben did not measure fair and lifted his arm higher than his shoulder to make her appear smaller than she really was.

Roxanna Shaw was little, but she ruled her husband and always had her way. Eben was easygoing and said he never had a way he was set on in particular. He was a merryhearted man, and he sang while he worked, keeping time to his tune with the tapping of his hammer. The harder he worked, the louder he sang, and in summer, when the door of his shop was open his lusty voice could be heard nearly all over the village. Eben's favorite song was Sal'sb'ry Sal. He could work faster by this than any other, and when his work was pressing, while he rapped and tapped, he sang and he sang:

"'Oh, high, diddy-di, for Sal'sb'ry Sal! Plump was she, an' a right smart gal, Swing to the centre an' caper down the hall!
High, diddy-di, an' a balance all.'"

Roxanna never objected to his singing. He had sung at his work for so long that half the time she did not hear it, but it he was silent she noticed it immediately and ran out to the shop to see if there was anything the matter. Eben might have sung Sal'sb'ry Sal indefinitely if a summer hotel had not been built across the road from his shop, in what was formerly a clover meadow.

"It'll keep off my atmosphere and the pretty scent of the clover bloom in summer," Eben grumbled. "In winter they'll shut up shop and it'll look like all forlornity, 'stead of being a nice, clean sweep of white when the snow falls," he said.

In spite of his displeasure, the hotel was built, and in due time it was filled with city people. Roxanna liked to watch the life across the way. It gave her the feeling of being part of something exciting. Never before had she seen women and children who wore such wonderful hats and gowns, and had nothing to do but to go pleasuring. In the beginning it was a perplexity whether or no she should go over and call on the boarders.

"It doesn't seem neighborly to stay away," she said to Eben, "but there are so many I couldn't call on 'em all, and I don't like to show partiality. I guess I'll just look pleased and pleasant when I meet any of 'em and let it go at that."

"I guess they'll be satisfied," Eben assured her. "I'm all stirred up with the comings and goings and the way the children pester around my shop," he complained, though the twinkle in his eyes belied his pretended objections. In his heart he liked to have the children "pester," and in their turn they found Eben, with his smile-wrinkles and rollicking song, very fascinating.

Roxanna was equally popular. From early summer until frosty autumn, her yard was overflowing with old-fashioned flowers that attracted the city people, and, as it was only a short way from the flowers to cheery Roxanna, she received a good deal of attention.

Taking it all together, the hotel made the hitherto quiet life of Eben and Roxanna quite eventful. Eben's work was increased by new patrons from the summer colony, and he sang the praises of Sal'sb'ry Sal oftener than ever. Roxanna saw nothing out of the ordinary in Eben's singing, until some of the summer visitors commented on the lively old tune and her husband's habit of singing at his work.

"It's just too quaint and dear for anything!" one of them exclaimed, intending to be complimentary, but Roxanna understood the remark in another way and blushed for Eben.

"He's always done it," she explained, deprecatingly, "and I really haven't taken much notice of what he was singing. I guess it's something he learned when he was a boy. I can't tell when he hasn't sang it." After this Roxanna became disturbed regarding the opinion of the "city folks," as she called them, and she decided it was not the thing for Eben to do so much singing.

"Likely as not it bothers 'em when they're trying to sleep. He's up so awful early in the morning. I s'pose the words of Sal'sb'ry Sal ain't real pretty, and I guess he'll have to break off. Anyway, he will through the summer. Probably it isn't fitting for a man of his age to be hollering like all possessed when he's working. He'll have to break off, I guess."

This she found was an easier thing to say than to have Eben do.

"Why, I can't get a hustle unless I sing," he exclaimed, when his wife surprised him by finding fault with his vocal efforts.

Roxanna finally convinced him that he would have to learn to "hustle" without the stimulus of his song, but it must be acknowledged that Eben was hard to convince, and Roxanna descended to nagging before he could believe she was in earnest.

Eben's song was difficult to silence. He could not get absorbed in his work without it. Unconsciously he would start his favorite tune a dozen times a day, but each time he did Roxanna either came to the shop to remonstrate, or he heard her voice calling from the house a long, drawnout, reproachful: "Now, Eb-en!"

Eben was honestly anxious to please his wife, but his work dragged unless he could sing along, and his hammer and awl went slow. The repression preyed upon his spirits and he began to lose his ability for quick work. Occasionally he disappointed his customers, and they complained. Worse still, he heard that some of them were going to the new "Shoe-Shine Parlor," which had been opened in the village and with which a repair shop was combined. Eben had never been forced to compete with a business rival and he took it as a very serious affair. It was no longer a trial for him to stop his song, since he had no heart for singing.

Roxanna was at first pleased by the change, and then, when the full significance of it penetrated her understanding she was dismayed. Eben looked and acted like an old man. Never before had she thought of his being old. It seemed beyond reason that the stopping of his singing could have had such an effect, but it was undeniable that Eben went to his work with reluctant feet and the sound of his hammer was heavy and thudding.

"Goodness" thought Roxanna, "he can holler the roof off it he'll only be chirky again. I don't care a bean what the city folks think."

One morning she went out to the shop and told Eben this, but he only shook his head sadly. "I don't feel like singing any more. I guess I'm old."

Roxanna went away in meekness and almost in tears. Deeply she regretted the silencing of Sal'sb'ry Sal and the merry tapping of the hammer. She performed her household tasks in gloom, while she thought how much she missed Eben's singing. She visited the shop again later in the morning. Eben's face was brighter than she had seen it for days. He looked as if he had heard good news.

"Some folks was over from the hotel and they asked why I didn't sing any more. They said they missed it," he remarked in a casual manner.

"Did they?" returned Roxanna, happily.

"Yep," answered Eben, apparently absorbed in the holes he was boring in the sole of a shoe.

Roxanna waited without speaking. She knew there was more to come, and presently it came.

"Manager of the Shoe-Shine Parlor here, too. He wants me to do their repairing. Says they don't get enough work to keep a man busy. Told him I'd see," said Eben.

"Oh!" breathed Roxanna; then she asked timidly, "don't you begin to feel a little mite like singing again?"

Eben did not answer.

She stayed to talk with him for a few moments, and then she returned to the house. She had scarcely entered her kitchen, when she heard Eben's hammer begin to tap with something of its old-time cheer, and Eben's voice began to sing: "Oh, high, diddy-di—"

It stopped, as if expecting an interruption, then repeated the words, stopped again, then finally came ringing loud and fearlessly:

"'Oh, high, diddy-di, there, tiptoe spry!
An' Sal'sb'ry Sal goes prancin' by.
Work when ye work with snap an'sprawl,
High, diddy-di, an' a balance all."

"Thank goodness," sighed Roxanna.

I Will Send Free To Stomach Victims

A Free trial bottle of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin—No money asked; none accepted—Patients everywhere write me it is a wonderful cure for stomach, liver and bowel diseases.

Will it suit your purpose? Send for it and see!

DR. W. B. CALDWELL.

You who have been victims of your stomach; you who have dieted; you whom food distresses; you whose bowels won't move, send me your address today so that I may send to your home a free bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I expect it to prove to you that you can be cured.

For twenty years druggists have been selling this remedy for me. Daily I receive letters from people whom it has cured of constipation, dyspepsia, and indigestion, sour stomach, gas and wind on the stomach, nervous dyspepsia, drowsiness after eating, sick headache, flatulency, biliousness and such like stomach, liver and bowel diseases. It is really nature's own cure for these troubles.

These people have tried cathartics and purgatives, salts, waters, powders, stomach coverings, fad foods, etc. For a while they helped; in the end they failed. My Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is not only a grand laxative for whose purity I have vouched to the U. S. Government, but it contains extraordinary tonic properties, and these ingredients build up the stomach and intestinal muscles so that they learn again to act themselves, and in this way constipation and stomach troubles are permanently cured.

Its action is gentle but effective; tastes well and never gripes. Settles the nerves so that you eat well, gives sharp appetite, sound digestion and good blood. I have taken it myself and thousands of others have taken it, and they are all agreed on its merits. More druggists use it personally in their families than any other stomach remedy before the American people.

My address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 623 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. Now send me your address and I will promptly send to your home a free sample bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and you will agree that stomach troubles of the most obstinate and longstanding kind are possible to cure when this remedy is used. I want to add that if there is any mystery about your case—something you don't understand—write me for advice and I will gladly give it to you free of charge.

THE REAL DEVIL FISH IS DECLARED NOT A MONSTER

The bringing together of many interesting facts hitherto known only to a few scattered men of science about the generally dreaded devilfish has been the result of an authoritative study of the subject recently completed by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate in zoology in the United States National Museum at Washington. Dr. Gill has summarized his studies in an official publication just issued by the Smithsonian Institution.

Although the name devilfish has often been applied to different species of cuttlefish, with their eight long, wavy arms; to a kind of shark, and also in California to a gray whale, the giant fish best known as such is technically called the great ray.

The devilfish, or great ray, is flat, said to be sometimes thirty feet across, with two great supple arms or head fins, shaped somewhat like elephants' tusks, protruding from the front of its head. Although many thrilling tales of adventure with this fish have from time to time found their way into print, there is not yet on record an authoritative report of a devilfish having ever eaten a human being.

"The food of the devilfish," says Dr. Gill, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly the small crabs, shrimps and other crustaceans, and young or small fishes, which swarm in certain places near the surface of the water. Rarely does one prey on large fishes."

Submarine Flight.

The devilfish are inhabitants of warm water seas, and as a rule do not venture from the shore very far out on the high seas. Once in a while one is seen as far north as New York, or another in the Mediterranean. In United States waters they have been more frequently reported from South Carolina and the Gulf states, and from lower California.

They often swim in schools or shoals and have a curious habit of turning somersaults near the surface, sometimes leaping as high as ten feet out of the water and churning the sea into foam. If the devilfish could live and move in the air in their mode of progression they would probably be said to fly, for a sort of submarine flight is really what is accomplished. It is by flaps of the long winglike fins that they speed themselves along.

A naturalist who observed devilfish in action, says he thought no more diabolical creature could be imagined. They resembled enormous bats, and in following one another around in a circle raised the outer tip of one of the long winglike fins high out of the water in a graceful curve, the other being deeply submerged. They might be seen now gliding down with a flying motion of the wings; sweeping, gyrating upward with a twisting vertical motion, marvelous in its perfect grace; now they flashed white, again black, so that one would say they were rolling over and over, turning somersaults.

While swimming along the two great arms or feelers of the devilfish league or two, and bring her back, against tide, to almost the same place," nor can the devilfish generally be said to be so accommodating. Nevertheless, running off with vessels is not an infrequent occurrence in connection with the devilfish.

One case is on record where a shoal of devilfish, sweeping by a flood tide, approached so near the shore as to come in contact with a water fence, the firm posts of which they seized and tried to tear up, until they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings.

It is a peculiarity of the devilfish that instead of laying many thousands or even millions of eggs, it normally has only a single young one at birth. It appears, however, that to properly reproduce the species only a single young one is necessary. For a baby devilfish, sometimes being as broad as five feet and weighing 20 pounds or more, is well able to take care of itself. In several respects the young fish grows up under nursing and training remarkable like that of a human being. It is nourished, for instance, from its mother's milk.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him, at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Joke Misses Fire.

London Telegraph.

Marseillais love a joke, except when it is played upon themselves. An aeroplanist announced a grand aviation and ballooning display on a cycling track recently, and all Marseilles deserted Canebiere, the famous avenue, which every Marseillais will tell you beats the boulevards and Piccadilly, and flocked to the velodrome. The inventor proclaimed that he would show an aeroplane, which he called the 'King of Spain," and would fly. On the grounds were an aeroplane and an ordinary spherical balloon side by side. 'Ladies and gentlemen," the inventor announced. "I will, as a first experiment, travel just across the velodrome in my aeroplane." He got into the seat of the machine. Six stalwart assistants raised the "King of Spain" with the "inventor" in it, and solemnly and slowly carried the machine and the passenger across the ground. The aeroplanist alighted, bowed and said. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will fly." He got into the car of his spherical balloon and gave the order, "Let go," which was promptly obeyed, but none too soon. The Marseillais crowd, not appreciating the joke, started smashing everything breakable it could lay hands on. The "King of Spain" was protected as much as possible by the police, but did not escape without severe damage.

Ban on Old Shoes.

New York Sun.

Young folks living along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern railway are convinced that it is a mistake to accuse a corporation of having no soul. At any rate, that is the opinion of the tender beings who are contemplating matrimony.

In the first place, the railroad inaugurated a honeymoon special to California some time ago. That in itself was a great bid for popularity with the brides and bridegrooms to be. But it was nothing in general application to the latest move on the part of the road.

This is nothing more or less than an order forbidding the throwing of rice, old shoes, and other wedding accessories in or about Chicago and Northwestern trains.

"Something simply had to be done," said an official of the road. "Enthusiastic friends of the bridal couples were carrying things to an extreme, and a check was necessary.

"Young couples would come down to the train with large satin bows tied on the rear of their carriages, and as they started for the train a terrific storm of rice and old shoes would break loose. Innocent and inoffensive people who were boarding the same train, but had not been guilty of anything, not even marriage, would get most of the missiles. Hence the new order, which will be enforced in the strictest fashion."

QUECTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

Please explain how messages are sent from one place to another without wires? —S. A. S., Morristown, Tenn.

There are now six distinct methods known by which messages may be sent between stations without metallic connections. These are: 1. By induction, in which the current raised to a high degree of intensity is enabled to leap, as it were, from one wire to another. In Edison's plan of telegraphing from moving trains, the current is transmitted by induction. 2. By conduction, in which the earth is employed as the conductor of the message. 3. Mr. Tesla's invention, which utilizes the earth, supplementing the apparatus producing the current with a conductor running up a pole for a short distance and terminating in a flat metal plate. 4. Another method which has been used in Europe and is called the ultra-violet ray method. By it the ultra-violet rays sent out from an electric arc light at the sending station constitute the medium whereby at the receiving station sparks are set free, restoring the current in an interrupted circuit. 5. Still another method employs either the visible light rays emitted from a searchlight or their accompanying invisible heat rays, it being still uncertain which ray is actually the medium of communication. This method is the basis of Professor Bell's photophone and the radiophone of Professor Hayes. 6. Finally, there is the Hertz wave method, which is the one successfully operated by Marconi.

In 1888, Dr. Hertz, of Carlsbad, Germany, discovered that when an impulsive charge is passing through a conductor, ether waves are radiated in all directions in the space surrounding the conductor, and that these waves are in all respects similar to those of light, except that they are much longer. These waves move with the same velocity as those of light, and have the same power of reflection and refraction, etc., as are possessed by waves of light. In the Marconi method of wireless telegraphy, by means of a Ruhmkorff induction coil, a stream of sparks is produced at a gap in an electric circuit, where these Hertzian waves are emitted in all directions sidewise from the gap. By means of one of the sensitive devices known to electricians, these waves can be picked up, even at long distances from the transmitter. Marconi made the essential points of his method known in 1897, but it was not until March 26, 1899, that his success in sending messages across the English channel, a distance of 32 miles, called the attention of the world to the possibilities of wireless telegraphy.

NAVAL ACADEMY

Please tell all you can about the naval academy at Annapolis.—S. D., Westfield, Pa.

The students of the naval academy are called midshipmen. Two midshipmen are allowed for each senator, representative and delegate in congress, two for the District of Columbia and five each year from the United States at large are made by the President. One midshipman is allowed from Porto Rico, who must be a native of that island. The appointment is made by the President on the recommendation of the governor of Porto Rico. The congressional appointments are equitably distributed, so that as soon as practicable each senator, representative and delegate in congress may appoint one midshipman each congress. The course for midshipmen is six years—four years at the academy, when the succeeding appointment is made, and two years at sea, at the expiration of which time the examination for graduation takes place. Midshipmen who pass the examination for final graduation are appointed to fill vacancies in the lower grade of this line of the navy, in the order of merit as determined by the academic board of the naval academy. The act of June 29, 1906, prescribes that the secretary of the navy shall as soon as possible after June 1 of each year preceding the graduation of midshipmen in the succeeding year, notify in writing each senator, representative and delegate in congress of any vacancy that will exist at the naval academy because of such graduation and which he shall be entitled to fill by nomination of a candidate and one or more alternates therefor. The nomination of a candidate and alternate or alternates to fill said vacancy shall be made upon the recommendation of the senators, representative or delegate, if such recommendation is made by March 4 of the year following that in which said notice in writing is given, but if it is not made by that time the secretary of the navy shall fill the vacancy by appointment of an actual resident of the state, congressional district, or territory in which the vacancy will exist, and of the legal qualification under the law as now provided. Candidates allowed for congressional districts, for territories, and for the District of Columbia must be actual residents. Candidates at the time of their examination must be physically sound, well formed and of robust constitution. Attention will also be paid to the stature of the candidate, and no one manifestly under size for his age will be received at the academy. The height of candidates for admission shall not be less than 5 feet 2 inches between the ages of 16 and 18 years, and not less than 5 feet 4 inches between the ages of 18 and 20 years; and the minimum weight at 16 years of age shall be 100 pounds, with an increase of not less than 5 pounds for each additional year or fraction of a year over one-half. Any marked deviation in the relative height and weight for the age of the candidate will add materially to the consideration for rejection. Candidates must be unmarried, and any midshipman who shall marry, who shall be found to be married, before the final graduation, shall be dismissed from the service. All candidates must, at the time of their examination for admission, be between the ages of 16 and 20 years. The pay of a midshipman is $500, beginning at the date of admission. The regulations regarding places and times of examination and subjects of examinations may be obtained by addressing the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

CENTER OF POPULATION

Will you please explain how the center of population of a country is found?—W. T., Clay City, Ind.

The center of population, as computed by the census bureau, is the center of gravity of the population. In making these calculations each individual is assumed to be of equal weight. The calculation is made by taking a tentative point of latitude and longitude and figuring to or from it. The country is divided up into squares as marked by the lines of latitude and longitude, and the population of these squares ascertained. Then their distance from the assumed center multiplied by the number of people contained constitutes their unit value in the grand calculation, and in effect is this: One of these squares of population, containing for example 10 people and located 100 miles from the center, would just offset a district containing 100 people located 10 miles from and on the opposite side of the center.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND

Which is the older republic, France or Switzerland? When was each made a republic?—L. S. S., Hanoverton, O.

Switzerland is the older of the two republics? In 1291 three cantons revolted against the house of Hapsburg, who professed to control them. Gradually the other cantons broke away. The first French republic was created in 1848 when the people, becoming tired of Louis Philippe as king, revolted and made Louis Napoleon president.

RALLYING CRIES

What was the rallying cry of the Free Soil party and the Whigs?—H. G. G., Meadville, Pa.

One of the cries of the Free Soil party in 1848 was "a free soil to a free people." The cry of the Whigs in 1840 was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

RICHARD MANSFIELD

Please give a biographical sketch of Richard Mansfield, the actor.—O. J. V., Moultrie, Q.

Richard Mansfield was born in 1857. He first studied art in Boston, but soon went to England where he entered the theatrical profession. He first played small parts in comic opera. Mansfield appeared for the first time in America at the Standard Theatre, New York. Later he became the head of his company. Some of the parts in which he appeared are Beau Brummel, Baron Chevrial, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Monsieur Beaucaire and others. Mansfield died August 30, 1907.

ALFONSO XIII.

Please give a sketch of Alfonso XII. —H. T., Baltimore, Md.

Alfonso XIII., the king of Spain, was born May 17, 1886. He is the son of Alfonso XII. and Maria Christina, daughter of Karl Ferdinand, archduke of Austria. His father died before he was born; his mother being queen regent during his minority. On May 17, 1902, the young king formally acceded to the throne, and took the oath of office. He has married Princess Ena, of Battenberg, since then.

GOVERNORS OF STATES

How many states in the United States have Republican governors, and how many have Democratic governors? Was Folk re-elected in Missouri? Did Oregon and Indiana both elect Democratic governors? Also please tell the number of members each political party has in the Ohio and Indiana legislatures.—L. F. B., Manning, Iowa.

There are 22 Democratic governors and 24 Republican governors in the United States. Folk did not run for governor in Missouri. Oregon and Indiana both have Democratic governors. The Republicans have 67 members in the Indiana legislature and 91 in the Ohio legislature. The Democrats have 83 members in Indiana and 59 in Ohio.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Please give me the membership of the prominent lodges in the United States. —G. S. F., Monterey, Va.

The number of the members of the most prominent lodges in the United States and Canada are: Odd Fellows, 1,679,060; Free Masons, 1,342,620; Modern Woodmen of America, 851,441; Knights of Pythias, 671,162; Independent Order of Rachabites, 488,000; Woodmen of the World, 505,398; Improved Order of Red Men, 406,774, and Knights of the Maccabees, 300,000.

THE SEMINOLES

Will you please tell what you can of the Seminole Indians?—J. R. B., Tampa, Fla.

The Seminoles are an important tribe of the Muskhogean stock of American Indians. The name was originally applied to those Creeks and Hichitis on lower Chattahoochee river, who left the main body between 1762 and 1768, and removed to the peninsula of Florida, in the territory that had been occupied by the Appalachis, who were practically exterminated some 60 years before, although some Creeks, who later became part of the Seminoles, have resided in the southern part of Florida since the middle of the 16th century. The reason why the Creeks and Hichitis separated from their northern kinsmen was chiefly because of the overpopulation of the older towns. The Seminoles were engaged in two wars with the United States. The first was from 1817 to 1818, and was provoked by the upper Creeks. The second, from 1835 to 1842, was the bloodiest and most furiously contested struggle which the United States was ever engaged in with Indians. In 1834 they made a treaty with the United States by which their lands in Florida were ceded to the government. One of the terms of this treaty was that the Seminoles were to remove to Indian Territory, which they refused to do. In 1842, when the hostiles surrendered, 3,824 were taken to Indian Territory, where they formed one of the five civilized tribes in the territory. They had their own government and managed their own tribal affairs. The 354 Seminoles still in Florida, though not under the control of the government, are entirely civilized and entirely inoffensive. They make their living by agriculture, hunting and fishing.

GOVERNMENT OF AUSTRALIA

Please tell what form of government Australia has.—S. B., Decatur, Mich.

Australia is composed of six colonies. The legislative power is vested in a federal parliament composed of a senate and house of representatives. The senate is composed of six members from each of the 36 colonies. Their term is for six years. The house of representatives has about twice as many members as the senate, their term being three years. The representation is apportioned among the colonies according to population. The executive power, vested in the king of England, is exercised by a governor general, who is assisted by an executive council of ministers.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Please give a brief sketch of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.—M. A. B., Guy's Mills, Pa.

Ella Wheeler was born in Johnstown Center, Wis., about 1845. She was educated in the public schools of Windsor and the University of Wisconsin. In 1884 she married Robert M. Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn. She began to write for newspapers at an early age, and has continued until the present.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT

Please tell what you can about the English parliament, the king and the cabinet.—M. M. S., Greenville, Pa.

The English parliament is composed of the house of commons and the house of lords. The house of commons has the greater authority. Parliament is not permanent, as the king has the power to summon prorogue and dissolve it. The house of commons, being chosen but for seven years, at the expiration of that time it is dissolved ipso facto. All matters of finance are under the direction of the lower house. The upper house is the supreme court of judicature. In cases of impeachment by the house of commons, the house of lords is the judge.

The house of lords consists of the lords, spiritual and temporal. No measure can become a law until it has passed both houses. A money bill must originate in the house of commons, but the lords have the right to accept or reject it. The lord chancellor presides in the upper house, while the speaker governs the lower house. In England the king has a great deal of theoretical power, but very little practical power. The cabinet is in reality the head of the administration. The politics of the premier of the cabinet must correspond to the politics of the majority in the house of commons. The king appoints the premier and he appoints the remaining ministers. The king has the power to veto a bill but this has never been exercised since Queen Anne's reign. The house of commons is in reality the greatest power in the government. If it shows its disapproval of a cabinet minister by a vote of lack of confidence in him, the king removes him. If the house of lords rejects a measure and if the house of commons again passes it, the king warns the lords to pass it the second time, and if not, he creates new lords, who do as they are told. The cabinet ministers introduce all bills in the house in which they are members. The ministers are always members of either one house or the other. They are thus able to defend their own bills, something which the United States cabinet officers are unable to do.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. Y. C., Cathro, Mich.: The Bureau is unable to answer your question.

G. W. G., Pickerington, O.: Mt. Ararat is 17,000 feet above the sea level.

S. L., Little Hocking, O.: The salary of the vice president is $12,000. It was increased to this amount by the sixtieth congress.

W. C., Huntington, Ind.: The battle of Lundy's Lane was fought in Canada and the battle of Waterloo in Belgium. General Riall commanded the British at Lundy's Lane. Generals Brown and Scott commanded the Americans until wounded, when Colonel Ripley took command. Napoleon Bonaparte commanded the French at Waterloo, and the Duke of Wellington commanded the British.

B. W. F., New London, Ia.: General Grant never studied law.

G. T., Ada, O.: President Lincoln died at 7:22 on the morning of April 15, 1865.

E. A., Battle Creek, Mich.: Your question was answered in these columns a few weeks ago.

P. L., Sharon, Pa.: We can tell you nothing of Neuces county, Texas.

L. G. W., Brookfield, Conn.: Refer your question to some attorney of your own state.

J. L. H., Fletcher, O.: Your question has been answered in these columns a hundred times. There are no national holidays. To create a national holiday would require an act by congress, and congress cannot legislate for the states in a matter of that character.

L. M. D., Spring Creek, Pa.: The Bureau understands that there is still plenty of game in the Maine woods.

J. C. M., Tampa, Fla.: Juan Fernandez Island has not disappeared.

H. B., Kilbourn, Wis.: The Blade has no book of poems such as are published in the Poet's Corner from time to time.

J. H. R., Jacksonville, Ill.: "Ananias club" is a fictitious name originating as a result of frequent disputes between President Roosevelt and prominent men on questions of veracity.

H. S. M., Afton, O.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C.

E. L. M. St. Mary's, W. Va.: Washington ranked first, Louisiana second, Wisconsin third, Pennsylvania fourth and Arkansas fifth in the production of lumber.

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If after you have tried Detrick's Good Old Whiskey you don't say that it is the finest you ever tasted—send it back at our expense, but keep the extra bottle and your money will be cheerfully refunded. We take all the risk—you none.

Avoid blended, adulterated whiskey—it's dangerous, poisonous and very injurious to the health. Send for Detrick's Whiskey and you will be buying real old whiskey. Detrick's is pronounced absolutely pure and unadulterated, and certified to as to its age (nearly 7 years old) by the U. S. Government. Send us $3.20 now for four full quarts at the age and price that you cannot duplicate elsewhere. Remember, an extra bottle free. You don't have to send us money in advance. Just let us have satisfactory reference and we will be glad to send you this shipment on trial. All goods shipped in plain packages. Charges prepaid in Dayton.

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When the Cannon Roared.

Success Magazine.

While campaigning in his home state Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's Battle of Waterloo, and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye not hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

'But, hark!" (bawled the boy)—"that sound breaks in once more,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

Half of Loaf in His Coffin.

New York World.

In memory of a strange wish which developed into a tragic coincidence, Adolph Raab, a prosperous retired wood carver, of 110 Luquer street, Brooklyn, was buried on Friday in Greenwood, with one-half of a loaf of rye bread in his coffin. The other half of the loaf had been buried with Raab's wife, who died four years ago.

The Raabs, who were lovers in childhood, were married many years ago in Ludenbach, Germany. Coming to America in 1868, they settled in Bay Ridge, where Raab accumulated a competence as a skillful wood carver. The couple built for themselves a comfortable home in Seventy-fourth street.

On September 27, 1904, Mrs. Raab got out a rye loaf for breakfast. As she was about to cut it her husband thought of an old legend of his faraway native land. "Make a wish, Catharine," he said.

"What shall it be?" was her smiling inquiry.

"Wish, as you separate the loaf," said Raab, 'that we shall never be separated, even in death."

Scarcely had the wife cut the rye loaf in two when she sank to the floor in a faint, dying before a physician reached the house. Raab put one-half of the loaf in her coffin, and put the other half in a tin box, which he set before him at every meal thereafter.

"When I am dead," he told his housekeeper, "I want you to be sure to bury this half of the loaf with me." She observed his wish.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1909.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 218,000

Well, Mr. Taft looks like a $100,000 president.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, as the post has said, but the man who goes to jail doesn't.

If bachelors are to be taxed how can they be expected to save enough money to get married?

Having twice applied the Platt amendment and found it efficacious, Cuba may decide to use no other.

Mr. Taft could never ride ninety-eight miles in seventeen hours. He would have to change horses too often.

When one comes to think of it, old Mother Shipton had a lot of our modern prognosticators beaten to a frazzle.

The upper branch of the South Dakota legislature voted in favor of woman suffrage and asked no questions.

It is absolutely certain that Edgar Allan Poe could not have been born in all the states that are claiming him.

Miss Phoebe Couzins doesn't like Mr. Taft's old-maid speech but it is not believed she is angry enough to get married.

If indications count for anything the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Elkins couldn't be unhappier if they were married.

Queen Lil thinks her claim against the government will be paid. Anyway, it won't hurt her to feel optimistic about it.

European courts hold that the man who owns land also owns the air over it. This looks like trouble for the aeronauts.

A southern lady who danced with Mr. Taft refers to him as the poetry of motion. Guess that'll help abolish sectional lines.

Waist or no waist? is said to be a question that must be settled before spring comes. In case of doubt give us the waist.

Oregon's method of electing a United States senator may shock some members of the most dignified legislative body on earth.

The Delaware man who ate fifteen meat pies in one hour evidently doesn't subscribe to the idea of getting up from the table hungry.

Word has been sent from England that hunting in Africa is dangerous. No doubt the President will be delighted to hear it.

"The prohibition movement is helping the sale of whisky," say friends of the whisky trust. Then why don't they help push it along?

Iowa has a town named Work. And yet it would doubtless be possible to find a lot of loafers hanging around the corner grocery.

Mrs. William E. Annis asks: "Is there no unwritten law for broken-hearted widows or fatherless children?" A very pertinent question.

There is said to be a chance that Mr. W. J. Bryan may become a senator from Nebraska. He ought to be able to come as close as Mr. John W. Kern.

Only men who possess retentive memories should be elected to the legislature. Otherwise they are pretty sure to forget what they were sent there for.

Had a woman's club been in existence in Mark Antony's time we should not have had to wait till now to learn that he married Cleopatra for her money.

In these days of alarming divorce statistics it is cheering to read of the New York man, aged 75, who danced for joy at the celebration of his golden wedding.

An Illinois minister is willing that young people should flirt a little in church, but not at dances. "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water."

"Fortune in Cuba awaits farmers," reads a newspaper headline. And the Cubans are going in for cock fighting and lotteries. Very likely the farmers will have to be imported.

Mr. Taft has told the girls that they can be successful without marrying. But whether his gentle words will have a tendency to cheer them on their way may never be known.

Some pretty good inaugural addresses have been made by the governors of various states this winter, but it will require some time to discover what kind of stuff the legislatures are made of.

Nebraska people want the capital removed from Lincoln to some place nearer the geographical center of the state. Then they don't regard Mr. Bryan, who lives at Lincoln, as the geographical center. What?

The story is told of a New Jersey man who, in 1852, willed away a piece of land with the proviso that if he should be born again the property should revert to him. It is said the beneficiary hasn't lost any sleep worrying over the possibility of the testator's return.

Mr. Rockefeller has given another million to the University of Chicago. At the rate of a million a year it will take him twenty-eight years more to give away the $29,000,000 saved by not having to pay the fine assessed by Judge Landis.

A NEW THOUGHT FLYER.

From far California a former resident of Ohio sends us a copy of the prospectus of the Samuel Montgomery Aerial Navigation and Promotion company. Enclosed also is a blank for filling out subscription to the stock, the same, we are assured, offering unusual inducements to the early buyer.

The Montgomery machine is a construction of the future. It is a design worked out on paper to the perfect satisfaction of the inventor and the enthusiasm of the stockholders. Its promise is thus set forth: "Probable speed, 50 miles an hour. Possible speed, 200 miles an hour." There are many things for which this particular aeroplane is fitted. For example:

It is a "good outfit for the prospector, it can be used for reducing ores and working placer mining machinery. Then too the engine of the machine can be easily detached and used as a hydraulic motor."

Fishing parties will find this machine an ideal pleasure rendezvous because therein they will be enabled to alight in the water, then when so desired arise therefrom.

Eyries for the storage of machines will be erected out of the general line of traffic as well as in, these will be available for rescuing people from burning buildings, sinking ships, stranded boats, storm-stayed trains, railroad wrecks and wounded and dying men from the field of battle, or any and all isolated places.

The corralling of cattle and horses will make this machine invaluable to the stockman on the plains or mountains.

Beautiful, indeed, are these prospects, especially when only a half million dollars of capital is sought, but the unique feature of this corporation is its ethical tenets, printed upon its stationery:

We believe in the power of the mind over the body.

And would not dare set any limits to this power.

We believe in suggestive therapeutics of all sorts.

We believe that happiness, good cheer and vitality are contagious.

We believe that one virile, good natured man in any community is a greater help to health and peace than many drug stores and doctors.

That a clear, wholesome woman, bubbling over with enthusiasm and vitality, is a well-spring to life and longevity to others.

We believe that health is vastly more contagious than disease.

We believe that the isolation of moral lepers is far more practical and necessary than the quarantine of physical diseases.

So far well and good, but a few mottoes are lacking, such as: "We believe that the Montgomery flying machine will fly and that investors will not discover themselves duped."

The trade mark of the Montgomery Aerial Navigation and Promotion company, capital $500,000, moral reflections included, is a spider. Can the emblem be prophetic?

FARMERS AND AUTOMOBILES.

Some wonderful changes have been wrought in the minds and hearts of farmers during the past few years. Time was when these sturdy American citizens looked upon an automobile as an invention of the devil, calculated to drive spirited horses into a frenzy of fright and dump the yeomanry into roadside ditches. An innate aversion to profanity has saved many an automobilist from being condemned to perdition. But the mutations of time have brought about new and felicitous conditions. The old bay mare and the grey gelding have become passive. Neither the steady breathing of the big, healthy touring car nor the hacking cough of the little runabout with the impaired bronchial tubes disturbs them. The old mare and the grey gelding are now tractable. The farmer is philosophical. What he at first endured under protest he now embraces with all his heart.

New Jersey farmers, through the state board of agriculture, have asked the legislature to pass an act repealing the law requiring automobile owners whose machines are licensed in other states to pay an additional license upon entering New Jersey. This law was passed at the instance of these same farmers, but they now own automobiles and often have occasion to drive their machines across state lines. They have cuddled up to what they once regarded as an unmitigated nuisance and their spirits have been softened by the contact.

The probable result of this change of sentiment, this let-up of antagonism, will be a united effort to bring about road improvement—a general blessing and a nearer approach to the heart's desire.

SCARED.

"I know the character of the men I am dealing with. They would not hesitate at anything, even assassination."

Thus does Senator Benjamin Tillman record the fear that his life is not safe in a capital where the President and the attorney general are opposed to the South Carolinan using the senate and the mails for his personal interests and to the ruin of a man so unfortunate as to be his realty agent.

South Carolina has sent a number of most distinguished men to the United States senate. It has bred strong and virile characters, willing to go to their deaths for what they believed right, headstrong and tenacious of opinion, but not one of them, until we approach the Honorable Benjamin Tillman, ever showed himself possessed of a streak of yellow.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

No fair minded citizen will object to the decision of the senate to raise the pay of the President. It has been recognized for many years that the sum allowed to the chief executive was in nowise adequate for the expenditures he is called upon to make. With possibly a few exceptions, every President of the United States has departed from office poorer than he was upon entering it.

This is a rich country. The material wealth is far beyond that enjoyed in most of the countries of Europe. Yet, for purely political reasons, it has been thought by congress that $50,000 was sufficient for all the needs and dignities of the White House. Senator Bailey, of Texas and the Waters-Pierce Oil company, argued on the floor of the senate that the pay was quite ample and that it was an outrage to expect the country to pay for the entertainments given at the executive mansion. Let the President cut out the entertainment, says Senator Bailey. But custom is a law no less than are the statutes filed away in calf-bound volumes. It has always been the practice for the heads of governments to entertain lavishly. It is one of the levers of diplomacy, these dinners and dances. The peace of the world has many a time been determined by the viands served at the tables of those high in power. Mr. Taft could no more break the custom than he could undertake to break Senator Bailey of the habit of drawing his pay from the government and borrowing from the treasury of an oil company in bad repute with his state.

The president of France draws a salary of $120,000 a year and is allowed a like sum for expenses. Here are a few figures showing the civil lists of a few monarchs of Europe: Aurtria-Hungary, $3,875,000; Belgium, $660,000; Denmark, $227,000; Greece, $260,000; Great Britain, the king and queen receive $2,350,000 and the remainder of the royal family are allowed $560,000; Italy, $3,010,000; Portugal, $567,000; Prussia, $3,846,121; Saxony, $852,000; Servia, $204,000; Spain, $1,765,000 besides $600,000 annually for the royal family.

While it is to be hoped that the magnificence of the courts of Europe may never be adopted in Washington, the incomes of the minor sovereigns and of the President of the United States might be brought closer together without straining the credit of the nation and without creating the belief that our executives are treated too liberally.

THE OREGON ELECTION.

The legislature of Oregon has made good its pledge. Though Republican in majority it has elected a Democrat United States senator in accordance with instructions written by the electors at the primary.

This is one of the most remarkable elections ever held. The candidates for the state assembly signed this promise when they entered upon their contests:

I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that during my term of office I will always vote for that candidate for United States senator in congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a senator in congress, without regard to my individual preference.

The primary results gave the nomination to Governor George E. Chamberlin.

Senator Charles W. Fulton has been spending the greater part of such leisure as he could seize from his public duties in attempting to persuade the Republican legislators to ignore their pledge. It is charged that he has tried to arrange for enough absentees from the assembly to make Chamberlin's election impossible. Another candidate, as little bound to the code of honor, has been advancing innumerable reasons why Republicans were not compelled to support a Democrat, however strongly tied they might be by a written contract with the people. So warm has been the controversy in Oregon that all sorts of stories, wild and impossible, have been sent out. A correspondent of the Toledo yellow press has been permitted to charge that Taft had sought to seduce the Republican assemblymen into violating their promise with offers of fat government jobs. Aid was solicited of the more influential United States senators, but refused.

In the end the Oregon legislators carried out their obligation. It is probable that not one of them ever intended to do otherwise. They were in all likelihood among the least disturbed persons in the state. If a man's word is worth anything it should be worth its most in politics, although it has not always been thought so by the men of the Fulton stamp. This school of statesmen is disappearing from America, we are glad to say.

INTOLERANCE.

It is reported from Berlin that 10,000 persons have formally separated themselves from the church. The numbers of communions, baptisms and church marriages have fallen off. About three marriages are celebrated within the church to five solemnized there five years ago.

The causes for the diminishing regard for the church are said to be the clerical hostility to the rise of democratic opinion among the working people, the leaning of the pulpit toward the rich, the pursuit of its dues in the courts of law, the opposition to cremation and the virtual refusal to perform the rites of the dead over the bodies of suicides.

Of all men the clergy should know the futility of intolerance. The valleys of the Camisards are still protestant country though harried with the sword and the torch for twenty years. Ireland is mostly Catholic, though conquered by Protestant. In the end the covenanters of Scotland had their way. The church that persecutes cannot drive to its fold those who have formed their own relationship with their God. Nor can the church which fails to give comfort and sympathy more than stiff necked bigotry keep its people under its roof.

TODAY IN RUSSIA.

Thanks to a rigid censorship little news is coming out of Russia. It would appear that the reactionary, having the army and all authority behind him, has prevailed. Peace has been restored—peace of a sort. The czar has so far brought quiet to his realm that he can attempt to gain the extradition of revolutionary refugees for his private vengeance.

But occasionally stories creep over the border that cast a dismal gleam upon the great autocracy. Misery remains where all hope has fled. The terrorists are crushed and with them liberty and striving for liberty. The government has whipped respect for the law into the cowed people, but it has given nothing in exchange for the wild enthusiasm for reform it has taken away.

By way of Berlin there comes a pitiful story, telling of the suicide of a young man in a public cafe and the attempt of his sweetheart to end her life directly after. It is intimated that they were driven to the course by the bitterness and suffering about them in St. Petersburg. Suicide is said to have become almost a fashion. The church has estranged thousands who once looked to it for comfort and solace. Now it offers these only to the party of the reactionaries.

The drumhead court-martial still brings in its convictions and carries through its dreadful executions. The number of executions has in fact given birth to the charge that the government finds it easier to put its enemies to death than to be bothered with the cost of exiling them and guarding against their return.

The cholera, which swept through the capital a short time ago, leaving a trail of the dead, has not been conquered. It still exists in many parts of the empire, but the censor has forbidden the dispatch of news giving details of its inroads. Famine is expected to kill its thousands this winter in districts devastated by the Cossacks at the command of the government.

That suicide should offer relief to a people thus emerged in agony is only natural. But that the emperor, hardened as he is to suffering and plague, can remain unmoved when his people take their lives because of miseries he has inflicted, is to believe him brother to the beast.

WORKING THE OPPORTUNITY.

There are 388 members of the sixtieth congress, all of them, so far as known, endowed with limber arms, with wrists capable of eloquent projection and with trained lungs.

Now some score or two or three of these members have taken advantage of the fact that Theodore Rooseevelt retires from the executive chair on March 4 and thereafter can do them no hurt or cause them worry. They have leaped to their feet and delivered outbursts of righteous anger because their perogatives have been seized, their dignity wounded and their footsteps dogged, the leaping coming after the votes were all counted at the last general election. One of these fiery patriots had the floor yesterday, mounting to magnificent heights of racket and splashing great splashes of ditch water. It was his turn and he made the best of it and according to his lights and his mental calibre. Here are some typical flowers from his rose garden:

"The beneficiary of assassination."

"The mammoth jocularity."

"The gargoyle."

"The scion of a family of trading Dutch."

"A solecism, sui generis, a mixed metaphor vivant, an impossibility."

"The President showed his teeth at all real heroes because real heroes are gall and wormwood to bogus ones."

Let everyone have his turn, the entire 388. It is so pleasant to the country to know that it has a congress of which every member is brave enough to speak his mind—after all danger is over.

FREE SPEECH.

There is disturbance in the office of the New York World since the sovereign in the White House, with a meek and truculent government at his back, has undertaken to rob the press of the heaven-granted right of free speech. There is a suggestion, with a touch of plaintiveness in it, that the newspapers throughout the country arise in their might and shout "halt." According to the World "we stand on perilous ground." This a precedent of which we may not foretell the alarming results, we are informed.

It is well that the American people should ever keep in mind the doctrine of free speech. It is a lever the power of which cannot be exaggerated. A muzzled press means reaction. But there are different qualities in free speech and these enter into the case now before the grand jury at Washington.

If it is free speech to publish an article declaring that the purchase of the Panama canal was a huge fraud, that a relative of the President profited tremendously by that transaction, and, by inference, the President himself, that the brother of the Republican candidate for the presidency also shared in the corrupt gains, and by inference the candidate himself—all of the charges being manufactured out of whole cloth—then it would be right and proper to harness this free speech. We very much doubt if the interference with constitutional privileges will disturb anyone except the officers of newspapers which printed that fabrication. Rather will the decent and the honest-minded newspaper men welcome action which will cast a shadow across the career of the irresponsible journalists and free the profession of the taint of falsehood. Nor can they feel sympathy for the owners of papers which produce lies in their office and when caught take refuge behind the clause which grants liberty to speech.

This suit brought by the government is altogether unique. It is the first time that the principle has been advanced that the gvernment might be libeled. There is a question whether it will stand in a court of law. But it is well that such action be brought in the highest quarter if it will serve to warn the owners of the yellow press that they have reached the frontier between bearable forgery and that which cannot be borne at all. The doctrine of free speech will not be injured in the least, only that which gives right to set forth slander and untruth.

LACE CURTAINS

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

In five years we have distributed among our subscribers over 100,000 pairs of lace curtains. This has proved to be the most popular premium ever offered with the Weekly Blade, and upon the urgent request of so many of our subscribers who want more of them we have contracted for another season's supply. Remember we do not sell these curtains, but give them free for every club of ten subscribers.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By February 1st those whose subscriptions expire during February should have our propositions. If not received by February 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to February subscribers only, and thirty days later the March people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our February propositions by March 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with March subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our February names and a large number of new ones as well.

FORAKER AND REED.

Joseph Benson Foraker has failed to avenge himself upon the President, who has commented sharply upon the senator from time to time, or upon William Randolph Hearst, who published the secrets of the Archbold letter file with such dramatic effect, but it is possible he may score even with Dr. Charles Alfred Lee Reed, who appeared as a candidate for the Foraker seat in the senate.

Dr. Reed had been nominated for first lieutenant of the medical reserve corps, his name being confirmed in the absence of Senator Foraker. At the latter's request, however, the name of Dr. Reed has been recommitted to the committee on military affairs, and there, it is thought, the senator will try to have it stricken from the lists.

The enmity between Reed and Foraker is stronger than that of rival candidates only. Some light upon it is shed by the following extracts from the Journal of the American Medical Association:

In Ohio the nearly nine thousand physicians of the state, acting as a unit, in their house-to-house visits during two years, had so far molded public opinion against Senator Foraker that his connection with the Standard Oil company, shown by Mr. Hearst, was unnecessary to crystallize an antagonistic sentiment. But when the senatorial campaign came on Dr. Charles A. L. Reed, chairman of the committee on medical legislation of the American Medical association, for the purpose of making the lesson more specific and more sure, himself entered the lists as a candidate for the office. He made a thorough canvass of his state and presented to the people their own cause as represented in still further perfected food and drug legislation, in the establishment of a national department of public health, and in the enactment of other social and economic reforms.

After the selection in caucus of Mr. Burton, who may be set down as an ardent friend of everything that is for the best interests of the public in the way of national legislation, Dr. Reed gave the press a statement, which commenced with the remark that he and his friends were entirely satisfied with the result, and which concluded as follows: "As for me, all I have to say is that three United States senators and one Ohio congressman who tried to ruin the pure food and drug bill have now all been eliminated from public life. It is a glorious clean-up. From this time on let no member of either branch of congress imagine that he can thus disregard the welfare of the people and rely for immunity on the shortness of the American memory, the fancied remoteness of Washington or the relative inaccessibility of the Congressional Record."

BANISHED FROM TEXAS.

Texas has succeeded in ridding itself at last of the Waters-Pierce Oil company. It has been one of the hardest fights ever fought out in the courts. Every step was contested and every step, too, has been marked by sensation. Now by a decision of the United States supreme court the corporation, which is a subsidiary concern of the Standard, is barred from doing business in Texas and is compelled to pay a fine of $1,623,000.

Two scandals have developed in the course of the trials of the Waters-Pierce Oil company. One was the bringing of indictments charging perjury, and the other the discovery that Senator Bailey, impassioned pleader for the cause of the downtrodden, was a beneficiary through the operations of the company. The corporation can go out of business and be forgotten, but Bailey can never live down the taint. He and his particular friend, Ben Tillman, can always bemoan the perverseness of documents that bob into publicity from the most secret pigeonholes.

AN INHERITANCE FOR TAFT.

President Roosevelt has a most delicate problem before him, the prevention of resentment against his interfering with anti-Japanese legislation in California and the placating of the Japanese legation at Washington, which looks to the federal government to protect the Asiatic residents of the Pacific coast against persecution.

The adoption of laws in California with the intention of limiting the property holding rights of the Japanese falls at an unfortunate time. The United States has but recently entered into a commercial agreement with the Mikado which is actually a treaty of peace, assurance that both sides will not attempt aggressions in the Pacific which might harm the interests of either of the signatory nations. The compact was a blow to the agitators on both sides of the Pacific ocean who have been demanding immediate preparation for war. It came as a relief to people in this country who neither wish to suffer the conflict nor believe the United States could successfully maintain its holdings oversea. The initial differences arose on the coast and caused no end of trouble in the state department at Washington. If California revives the anti-Japanese movement, our country will be compelled to consider once more the threat of hostilities and to know again the discussion of racial differences with all its train of irritations and narrow mindedness.

The measure which is before the California assembly and which is said to have a good chance of passage would forbid foreigners holding property in the state for more than seven years. It is doubtful if the bill, if it became a law, would be constitutional. While it is aimed at the Japanese and Chinese, it would also affect all immigrants who have not taken out papers of naturalization, or who, for one reason or another, cannot obtain papers. It would prevent Europeans who own property in California, mines, ranch land, railroad stock and other forms of investment, from retaining any of it. How much it would injure the holders of the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe and San Pedro railroad stock could only be conjectured. It would be absurd to believe that California wishes to drive out that class which has brought immense capital into the state. But the measure, as it is reported in the dispatches, would as assuredly be a slap at Europeans and European immigrants as it would be to the Japanese, whom it was sought to disposses.

The President had infinite trouble in smoothing out the difficulties of two years ago. Will the problem be left to Mr. Taft to exercise his diplomacy upon?

TENNESSEE IS "DRY."

The action of the legislature of Tennessee in passing the prohibition measure over the veto of the governor is of peculiar significance. The old charge that assemblymen have supported bills of this sort for political reasons only fails in this case.

The Tennessee legislature had it within its power to leave the entire responsibility for the failure of the bill upon the shoulders of Governor Patterson. Any assembly might be expected to hesitate in rebuffing the executive, since he, as much as they themselves, is representative of the will of the people. Governor Patterson was willing to bear whatever of odium attached to killing the act, which barred liquor sale from Tennessee forever. He did not believe in prohibition. His strongest political enmities were born out of the question. He has stuck to his point consistently and when the bill came to him a few days ago he promptly refused to give it the signature which would make it a law.

The legislature has, therefore, assumed all the responsibility in the case. Its members have been heartily for the closing of the saloons and the banishment of the saloonkeepers. Another bill which forbids the manufacture of whiskey in the state is expected to go through the same course of passage, veto and passage over the veto.

The movement for prohibition in Tennessee is about four years old. It has been marked by the most intense bitterness. The murder of ex-Senator Carmack resulted from one of the feuds which developed in the course of the struggle.

One by one the states of the south are ridding themselves of the saloons. They are barred from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Oklahoma. Fifty-seven counties of Arkansas are free of groggeries. Thirty-seven have voted them out in Florida. Only four counties of Kentucky are wholly licensed. The state prohibition movement has been defeated by a narrow vote in Louisiana. State prohibition carried in North Carolina last May by 40,000 majority. There are eighteen prohibition counties in South Carolina, sixty-six in Virginia, and seventy-seven in Missouri.

FOOD MAKERS FOR WILEY.

An expedition of rescuers is coming to the aid of Dr. Wiley from just the quarter whence he should have had support and sympathy years ago. The makers of pure food, those who use neither adulterants nor drug preservatives, neither coloring matter nor waste products, are about to form an association in New York with the express design of supporting the food law and backing up the crusades of Dr. Wiley.

It is strange that the factories and canneries and packing-houses which have never been guilty of the atrocities and deceptions that compelled the passage of the pure food act should have hesitated so long to profit by their immunity from criticism. They have had the most glorious chance for advertisement ever offered any industry. Had they come out and declared their belief in Dr. Wiley and given him their help they might now be reaping such profits that would mount virtue upon the very highest pedestal in the commercial districts. But they have still something to gain. The opposition to the pure food law is not dead nor has the last attack been made upon the determined doctor.

We suspect that the insurgents in Washington will be somewhat disturbed when the literature of the forming association falls into their hands. It is anything except polite to them. We quote a few samples:

This attempt to disparage Dr. Wiley, like all those which have preceded it, emanates from a reactionary element of the food manufacturing interests—the class of manufacturers which originally opposed the enactment of the National Food Law and which, ever since its passage, has been engaged in an attempt to nullify some of its most important provisions. The argument they now make for the removal of Dr. Wiley is the very one made prior to the passage of the food law to prevent its enactment.

Thus far, by banding together and bringing political and other influence to bear, it has been possible for those manufacturers to perpetuate some of the grossest abuses of the past, until it has become probable that if the public is to be protected, the great war between food poisoners and pure food advocates must be fought all over again.

It is because of this drug (benzoate of soda) the unscrupulous manufacturer is enabled to realize large profits by employing in his product raw materials that are unfit and unwholesome to the point of exciting extreme disgust at their mere mention.

Wherever I have found a man who was an adulterer of foods, a swindler of the public, a seller of foods that were injurious to the health of the consumer, I invariably found that man to be an enemy of Dr. Wiley.

The physicians of the country are credited with bringing about the retirement of three United States senators and one congressman because of their opposition to the food law. Perhaps the new association will rebuke a few other of our lawmakers.

By this time President Roosevelt may have forgotten the name of the man who called him a gargoyle.

The Baffled Champion.

I could be champeen of our town—
I've licked about a dozen;
I started in on Alfred Brown
An Alfred's city cousin;
I've licked 'em all exceptin' one.
There's nothing that I'd ruther
Be doin' than to get it done—
But Pudge is Rosy's brother.

Pudge Jones is twicet as big as me.
But, just the same, I'd whip him.
Lead my left, then bend my knee
An' whirl my foot an' trip him!
But when Pudge double-dares me to,
I always haf to mosey—
I sometimes wish I'd never knew
That he was kin to Rosy.

Aw, no! She ain't my girl at all!
I see her at th' parties.
Them other fellers has their girls—
Th' crozy bunch o' smarties!
You bet I've licked 'em every one!
My left swing is a twister,
An' long ago I'd made Pudge run,
But Rosy is his sister.

Aw, pshaw! Doggone it, now! I am not!
I ain't at all her feller.
Th' last boy told me that, he got
A whack right on the smeller!
I've whipped lots bigger boys'n me—
Some run and told my mother.
An' I can whip Pudge Jones—but he—
Well, he is Rosy's brother.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Harper's Magazine.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Mark Twain has been telling a story of a friend of his who was constantly receiving letters from a man asking for a loan of some money. One day Mark's friend was surprised to receive a letter from the impecunious one which ran as follows: "This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I enclose herewith £5, which I am going to ask you to lay aside for me for a rainy day." But the recipient of the letter couldn't find any check. Thinking that he might have dropped it he searched for it under the table and all over the floor, but to no purpose. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet of notepaper on which the letter was written, and discovered this postscript, "I've just looked out of the window, and find that it is raining like the very dickens."

Uncle Jerry Peebles, who had taken a seat in the smoking car, had filled his pipe and was about to hunt in his coat pocket for a match, when a large man of much equatorial diameter sat down in the vacant seat by his side, complacently crushing him against the side of the car, and almost obliterating him.

Uncle Jerry said nothing, and proceeded in his search for a match. It was hard work to get his hand down between himself and the large man, but he found the pocket at last, and took out three or four matches, all of which went out as he struck them, one after the other, except the last.

"You're welcome," said the portly man, glancing down at him over his shoulder.

"Was that your pocket I had my hand in?"

"It was."

"Well," said Uncle Jerry, as he lighted his pipe, "all I'v (puff) got to say (puff, puff) is that you buy durned poor matches."

"It was one of those sleepy, one-horse backwater towns, like Squash," said Representative Burton, describing at a Hot Springs dinner a town that he disliked.

"Squash is the limit. A man arrived there the other day and wanted a haircut. He found the barber shop, and, after shaking the barber vigorously, managed to awaken him.

"'How long will it take you to cut my hair, barber?' he asked.

"'Not long, boss,' said the barber.

'And he rose, yawned and stretched himself. Then he called upstairs to his wife:

"'Hey, send the kid down to the newspaper office to tell the editor I want my scissors just as soon as he's done editin' the paper. There's a gent here waitin' for a haircut.'"

Success Magazine.

One stormy morning, during the cruise to the Pacific, an officer of the battleship Missouri was making his tour of inspection. While crossing the forecastle he encountered a coal-passer leaning on the rail in the throes of mal de mer. With a gruff voice he demanded, "Here, here, my man, where do you belong?"

The sessick man's hand went to his cap in an attempt at salute: "Cleveland, Ohio, sir," he replied.

The prince of Wales is fond of telling a good story to his friends in connection with his visit to Ottawa some few years ago. The Prince—then duke of York—stole away for a quiet bicycle spin early one morning, and in his ramblings met a farmer, heading marketward, his wagon temporarily stalled by the loss of a nut belonging to the whiffletree bolt. His royal highness, with his usual democratic kindness, assisted him in putting things right. On parting, the farmer expressed his rugh thanks and asked if he might know the name of the person to whom he was indebted. The royal cyclist replied modestly: "I am the duke of York. And may I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" A broad, amused smile beamed from the farmer's face as he said: "Me! Me! Why, I'm your uncle, the czar of Russia!"

"Halloa, halloa!" shouted the fireman on the engine house end of the telephone, in answer to a long ring.

"Halloa!" came back in feminine tones. "Is this the fire station?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Well, I want to inform you that my yard runs right up to the walk that runs along the side of the Commingses' walk next door"—

"I guess you've got the wrong number, ma'am."

"You said this was the fire station, didn't you?"

"Yes; but"—

"Well, I want to say that I'm trying very hard to raise a respectable yardful of grass and have lately planted grass seed as far as the Cummingses' walk. Then, besides the grass seed, I had it all tidied up and made ready for planting bulbs, and"—

"I say, ma'am, you are mistaken in the telephone number. This"—

"Isn't this the fire station?"

"It is; but"—

"Very well. Now, I want to say further that however careless our neighbors, the Cummingses, are with their garden, we are very, very much the other way. In fact, a pretty lawn, adorned with a variety of flowers, is what I and my husband are looking for next season, and we want our yard to appear as well clear up to the Cummingses, sidewalk as it is possible to have it. Why, I wouldn't any more allow a person to step on my grass seed or"—

"For Heaven's sake, ma'am, what has this to do with the fire station?"

"Oh, well, I want to inform you that our house is No. 200 School stret, and that the Cummingses' house next door is afire. Now, don't let your firemen trample"—

But the fireman had dropped the receiver.

Prof. Muirhead tells an experience of his in examining some Birmingham children in moral teaching. He asked them to write an essay on the three stages of life. One bright child returned the following:

"There are three stages of life. The first is when we were very young, and think of the wicked things which we shall be able to do when we are older; and this is the age of innocence. The second is when we are older and are able to do the wicked things which we thought about when we were young; and this is the prime of life. The third is when we are dotty and repent the wicked things which we did when we were younger; and this is the dotage."

Harper's Weekly.

"I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's and didn't tell any stories," said his mother.

"Only the one you put me up to, ma," replied her young hopeful.

"Why, what do you mean, child?"

"When she asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake I said, 'No, thank you; I've had enough.'"

Success Magazine.

When Grover Cleveland's son Richard was born, his good friend Joseph Jefferson drove over to Gray Gables to congratulate the father.

"How many pounds does the child weigh?" asked the noted actor.

"Fifteen," was the reply.

"Nine," said the attending physician, who had just come in.

Mr. Cleveland assured the doctor that he must be mistaken. "The child weighs fifteen pounds," said he; "I weighed him myself with the scales you and I use when we go fishing."

Varieties

In France alone rats and mice damage property worth $40,000,000 every year.

Three score languages are spoken by the natives of the empire of the czar.

There are over 228,000 students in Europe's 125 universities, nearly 3,000 of them women.

Claus Spreckles, the sugar magnate, who died in San Francisco recently, was the inventor of cube sugar.

A Stockholm inventor claims to have devised a method of transmitting pictures by ordinary telegraph apparatus.

The proposal to hold an international aeroplane competition in Russia this year has been abandoned for lack of funds.

The British Ornithological Society will send an expedition to explore the little known mountains of Dutch New Guinea.

Brazil has granted a concession to a German company for a telegraph cable to Europe and South Africa by way of Teneriffe Island.

A peculiar kind of stone found in Finland is a natural barometer. It is white in clear weather, but darkens on the approach of a storm.

An extensive deposit of coal on the island of Spitzberger, which lies within the Arctic Circle, is being developed with American capital.

An arsenic smelter at Everett, Wash., makes enough of the poison each week to kill every man, woman and child in the western hemisphere.

There are at least three species of dogs which do not bark—the Egyptian sheep dog, the Australian dog and the "lion headed" dog of Tibet.

Aluminum is now being rolled thinner than tinfoil, which it is expected to replace by reason of its being both lighter and cheaper to manufacture.

Milk may be kept fresh for a month by adding to it at a temperature of 124 F. 1.3 per cent by volume of a 3 per cent solution of hydrogen peroxide.

By means of extremely delicate instruments it is possible to measure the heat transmitted to the earth by the moon or the temperature of the body of a fly walking over the instruments.

To construct an egg, a hen gathers and combines approximately 650 grains of water, 120 of fat, 103 of lime, 80 of albumen, 26 of sugar and ten of ash.

The former homestead of Alexander Graham Bell, at Brantford, Ont., will be acquired as a public park, in which will be erected a $25,000 memorial monument.

Mining has been followed in the British Islands for more than 2,000 years, the English coal mines of today representing the highest development of that industry.

The Japanese government is waging a successful war on rats by paying for every dead one brought in, and giving each rat slayer a ticket to a lottery with valuable prizes.

Surgeons of the Rockefeller Institute claim to have successfully replaced an injured knee with one taken from another man who had died as the result of an accident.

To secure a perfect balance, a new reflecting telescope of large size at Harvard University observatory has been mounted upon a float in a tank of water instead of upon a pedestal.

A dredge that is being built for use about the docks in the river Mersey, will have two suction pumps, each 42 inches in diameter, which will be able to work at depths of 70 feet.

A French scientist has made the disquieting discovery that disease germs can be transmitted by breadmakers through their product, the heat of baking being insufficient to kill them.

The blue paper upon which "magicians" write in white with a steel pen dipped in water is prepared by rubbing it with finely powdered per-sulphate of iron and ferrocyanide of potassium.

A peculiarity of the devil fish is that it does not lay thousands or millions of eggs at a time, but normally produces a single young one at a birth and nourishes it in the fashion of mammals.

The British navy includes 28 armored ships exceeding 23 knots in speed, in addition to 16 unarmored ones. Three of the former are rated at better than 24 knots, and three of the latter at 25.

Chicago's coroner is arranging to use the phonograph to take the last denials or confessions of condemned murderers and the dying statements of victims of foul play for use as evidence in court.

In the interest of economy a new six-cylinder gas engine is so constructed that two, four or six cylinders are automatically thrown into service or discontinued as the load increases or diminishes.

The United States mined almost exactly one-third of the lead produced in the world in 1907. Spain, its nearest rival, produced 18.7 per cent of the total, and Germany 14.5 per cent.

A stope drill of American manufacture recently won the prize offered by the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines for the best all-round invention for use in mining. It is said to save the labor of four men.

At the home of Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer, in Italy, a novel monument has been erected in the form of a huge barometer in which a column of olive oil normally stands at a height of 37 feet.

An egg beater which can also be used as an ice cream freezer and a churn has been patented. To the lower end of the dasher is attached a perforated tin cone, through the holes of which the matter to be beaten is forced.

A clock may be thoroughly cleaned without taking apart by laying on its floor a piece of cotton saturated with kerosene, the fumes of which within three or four days will loosen the dust and lubricate the bearings.

On the basis of a bushel of corn producing 2.5 gallons of alcohol, it has been figured out that last year's corn crop in the United States was sufficient to furnish 20,000,000 horsepower for ten hours a day for an entire year.

A permanent national exposition at Madrid, for the promotion of

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

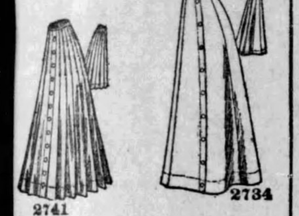
The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2723—Misses' and girls' Guimpe or Slip, with high neck or square neck and tucked or plain sleeves. Thin silk, net or any of the lining materials are adaptable to this model which may be worn as a guimpe or slip. 6 sizes—7 to 17 years.

2744—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. Hunters' green viyella flannel has been used in the development of this model although it will develop equally as well in linen, madras or taffetas. 6 sizes—32 to 42.



2741—Misses' Eight Gored Plaited Skirt, closing with buttons down the front. An excellent model for the every-day skirt of serge, mohair or voile. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2734—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front. For a separate skirt or as part of a suit this is a very good model for broadcloth, cheviot or tweed. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2712—Boy's Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse closing at right side of front and having sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristband and Knickerbockers. A very neat model for velvet, corduroy, serge, or flannel. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2725—Girl's Dress, with Bishop or plain sleeves. Navy blue serge, was used for the development of this neat little school frock ornamented with small brass buttons. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2028—Ladies' Combination Corset-Cover and Circular Open Drawers. Garments of this style are usually developed in nainsook, jaconet, batiste or Persian lawn and trimmed with insertions and edging of lace or embroidery. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2745—Girls' Dress, closing with buttons on shoulders and having a separate guimpe. This simple frock is suitable for heavy linen, flannel, serge, challis, or cashmere. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2717—Misses' Dress, with attached two-piece skirt. This charming model may be worn for school or best wear according to its development. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2714—Ladies' One-Piece Corset-Cover with or without Peplum specially desirable for flouncings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2608—Laides' Shirt Waist. Flowered challis was used for the development of this model, the collar, yoke and cuffs being trimmed with cream colored lace insertion. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2567—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down the front, and with an inverted box plait at the back or in habit style. Broadcloth in any desired shade develops charmingly in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1993—Ladies' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt. A good model for linen, serge, taffetas or flannel. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

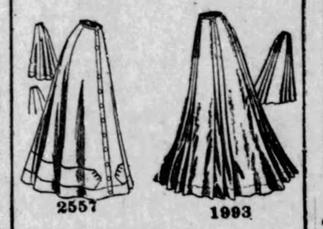
2248—Girls' Apron, with Gabrielle front and with or without the bretelles. Persian or Victoria lawn or any of the white or light figured materials make up well in this dainty little model. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2106—Girls' Dress, a good model for every-day wear is here shown developed in plaid worsted. It is also adaptable to challis, cashmere or mohair. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2559—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with seamless yoke. Heavy linen, madras, taffetas or flannel are all adaptable to this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1775—Misses' Double-Breasted Tucked Shirt Waist, with removable chemisette and with long or three-quarter length sleeves. An excellent model for school wear developed in any desired shade of serge. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2042—Ladies' Mother Hubbard Apron, with high or low neck and long sleeves or oversleeves. Checked gingham is the best medium for this useful house garment, although it is adaptable to linen or chambray. Four sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.



2199—Ladies' Long Box-Coat. Broadcloth, cheviot, tweed, natural colored linen, pongee, or waterproof material make up well in this serviceable garment which will serve well as a rain or motor coat. 7 sizes. 32 to 44.

WATCHES We offer again this season the line of Waltham and Elgin watches that proved popular last year, at prices lower than elsewhere retailed.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantages of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel idex; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works $11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works $12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works $12.50
No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $17.00
No. 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works $14.50
No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $12.75
No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works $10.00
No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works $10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $15.00
No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works $12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works $5.30
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works $6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $13.50
No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $14.00
No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $17.50
No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $13.00

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THE BLADE Toledo, O.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 846, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

THE PRESIDENT'S PAY

Salary Made $100,000 and Those of Speaker and Vice President $15,000.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The salary of the president of the United States was yesterday fixed at $100,000 per annum, so far as the senate could fix it, and salaries of the vice president and the speaker of the house of representatives $15,000 each.

The salary of the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States was increased from $13,000 to $15,000 per annum, and those of associate justices from $12,500 to $14,500.

These changes were made as amendments to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, and after an extended debate.

Amendments allowing $5,000 to the vice president and the speaker of the house for horses and carriages were stricken from the bill.

SEED CORN Diamond Joe's Big White, Earliest Maturing Big Eared Corn in the world. Made 133 bushels per acre. It costs but 25 cents per acre for seed. Big illustrated catalog of seed corn and all kinds of Farm and Garden Seeds mailed FREE if you mention this paper. RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa. (LARGEST SEED CORN GROWERS IN THE WORLD)

WE'VE MADE MISTAKES, BUT ALSO ACHIEVED, SAYS T. R.

Washington, Jan. 23.—"We have done our best—let posterity judge our failures and accomplishments." This is the unwritten keynote of a message from President Roosevelt which was submitted to congress yesterday.

To the message is appended a report of the national conservation commission, and incidentally the President supports the commission's suggestions in regard to prevention of floods, protection and more rapid development of the national forests, better farm practice and regulation of public lands, prevention of mineral waste and safeguards against loss of life in mine and other accidents.

Successes and Failures.

But the main portions of the report are devoted to a summing up of what the outgoing administration has accomplished—its successes and its failures. It is admitted mistakes have been made, but it is also claimed that the administration always has attempted to "secure and enlarge the rights and opportunities of the men and women of the United States."

The President says, in connection with the usurpation by commercial combinations of natural resources:

"If we allow great industrial organizations to exercise unregulated control of the means of production and the necessaries of life, we deprive the Americans of today and of the future of industrial liberty, a right no less precious and vital than political freedom. Industrial liberty was a fruit of political liberty, and in turn has become one of its chief supports, and exactly as we stand for political democracy so must we stand for industrial democracy."

Freedom for All.

In another place the message reads:

"In whatever it has accomplished or failed to accomplish, the administration which is just drawing to a close has at least seen clearly the fundamental need of freedom of opportunity for every citizen. We have realized that the right of every man to live his own life, provide for his family, and endeavor, according to his abilities, to secure for himself and for them a fair share of the good things of existence, should be subject to one limitation and to no other. The freedom of the individual should be limited only by the present and future rights, interests and needs of the other individuals who make up the community.

P. J. KIERAN TO FIGHT

Former Fidelity Co. Head Says He Is Solvent.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 20.—P. J. Kieran, former president of the Fidelity Funding company, who, fortified by carefully attested bail bonds, gave himself up Monday to the Pittsburg police, did not go to New Mork yesterday. With his attorney, Moses Shire, Kieran came to Buffalo and is now here or hereabouts.

"He is within call." Mr. Jellinek explained, "and will not attempt to get away."

Kieran says he is perfectly solvent and will fight. Shire & Jellinek, his attorneys, have filed an answer to the personal involuntary bankruptcy proceedings. They have demanded a jury trial on the question of solvency.

Mr. Jellinek said that Kieran had kept under cover by the advice of counsel, but that he would act under that sort of advice no longer.

SEC. ROOT HANDS IN RESIGNATION

Washington, Jan. 25.—Secretary of State Root has tendered to President Roosevelt his resignation, effective upon qualification of his successor, Robert Bacon, whose nomination along with that of J. C. O'Loughlin to be assistant secretary of state in place of Mr. Bacon, went to the senate today.

MUST SERVE TERM

Ruling Sentencing Army Captain Is Affirmed.

Chicago, Jan. 21.—Judge Landis' rulings in the case of Daniel F. Keller, who was sentenced to two years in the prison at Fort Leavenworth for the larceny of six blank paymasters' checks, were affirmed by the United States appellate court today.

Kelley, a captain in the army, was convicted of the theft of the checks on which the government set a value of one cent each.

U. S. SENATORSHIP

Gov. Chamberlain, Oregon, Democrat, Chosen to Succeed Fulton.

UNITED STATES SENATORS ELECTED.

G. E. Chamberlain, Dem. ..Oregon
Wm. J. Stone, Dem. ..... Missouri
A. B. Cummins, Rep. ..... Iowa
C. J. Hughes, Jr., Dem. ..Colorado
Elihu Root, Rep. ..... New York
B. F. Shively, Dem. ..... Indiana
W. L. Jones, Rep. .... Washington
Reed Smoot, Rep. ..... Utah
M. N. Johnson, Rep. ..N. Dakota
C. I. Crawford, Rep. ....S. Dakota
Jas. P. Clarke, Dem. .... Arkansas
Thos. P. Gore, Dem. .... Oklahoma
J. H. Gallinger, Rep. .N. Hampshire
F. B. Brandegee, Rep. .Connecticut
L. S. Overman, Dem. ..N. Carolina
Boies Penrose, Rep. .. Pennsylvania

Salem, Ore., Jan. 20.—Governor George E. Chamberlain, a Democrat, yesterday was elected United States senator to succeed C. W. Fulton, receiving a majority of each house of the legislature, which voted in separate session.

The two houses met in joint session today for the purpose of ratifying the election of Chamberlain. Forty-six votes are necessary to a choice, and Chamberlain received 53, or 7 more than required to elect. The vote was: House—Chamberlain (Democrat), 34; Fulton (Republican), 12; Cake (Republican), 14.

Senate—(Chamberlain, 19; Fulton, 7; Cake, 3; Bean (Republican), 1.

Smoot Returns.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 20.—Senator Reed Smoot, of Provo, one of the twelve apostles of the Mormon church, yesterday was re-elected. He received 43 out of 45 votes in the lower house of the legislature and all of the 18 votes of the senate. The two Democrats in the house voted for former Congressman W. H. King.

Succeeds Himself.

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 20.—James P. Clarke yesterday was elected by the Arkansas legislature to succeed himself as United States senator. The vote in the senate was unanimous. In the house Harry P. Meyers, the register of the land office, and several times the Republican candidate for governor and congressman, was nominated, receiving the vote of the five Republicans in the house.

Jones Wins Out.

Olympia, Wash., Jan. 20.—Wesley L. Jones was elected to the United States senate yesterday. The joint vote in the legislature stood: Jones, 89; Cottrill, Democrat, 5; absent, 1.

Cummin's Margin Wide.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 20.—By a vote of 112 to 40, Albert E. Cummins, was elected to a six years' term in the United States senate over Claude R. Porter, Democrat.

PROBING LAND DEALS

Haskell's Secretary Alleged to Be Involved.

Hastings, Jan. 21.—Fifteen citizens of Hastings, including the circuit judge and prosecuting attorney, have been summoned by subpoena to Oklahome to give testimony in regard to land deals in which Walter R. Eaton, secretary to Governor Haskell and a former resident of this city, is alleged to be concerned.

It is alleged that the fifteen persons subpoenaed received deeds to certain lands in Oklahoma and that the title was afterward converted to Eaton.

REPLY BY ROOSEVELT

War Fund Expenditures Are Explained for Senator Foraker's Benefit.

Washington, Jan. 23.—President Roosevelt yesterday sent to the senate a response to Senator Foraker's resolution calling upon the secretary of the treasury for an itemized statement of expendutures from the $3,000,000 war deficiency fund. The reply purports to be a complete answer so far as the use of the war deficiency fund is concerned, but some of the names of persons to whom payments were made were withheld.

In a message, which was read in secret session, the President says that if the senate desires he will refer them to committee of military affairs.

No senator seemed inclined to take the responsibility of criticising the President's course in keeping the information secret.

It is not known whether the reply contains any matter other than expenditures for the procuration of military information of a necessarily secret character and the funds expended for the entertainment of foreign observers at American military maneuvers. From the reading of the President's message, the impression prevailed that all of the payments from this fund were for that character of work.

Senator Foraker introduced his resolution following the announcement that the investigation of the Brownsville affray by private detectives had been paid for from this fund. The Ohio senator took the position that such an expenditure was not warranted by the purposes for which the emergency fund was intended.

BIG DAM PLANNED

21,000-Horse Power Will Be Developed.

Denver, Jan. 21.—The Central Colorado Electric Power company has closed a contract for building the Barker reservoir dam in Boulder county, at a cost of $600,000. The new dam will be the largest in Colorado, and will impound 500,000,000 cubic feet of water. It will be 180 feet high and 650 feet long on the crest. It is calculated that 21,000 horsepower will be developed.

JESUS NEVER A JUROR

Venireman, Living as Christ, Refuses to Serve.

Fort Worth, Tex., Jan. 21.—R. L. Tolliver, summoned as a juror in the Douglas-Beasley murder case, asked:

"Is there any likelihood of the defendant being sent to the penitentiary?"

"He is charged with a felony," the judge answered.

"Well, I wouldn't send anybody to the penitentiary," said Tolliver, "because it is against my religion."

"You can save that until you are questioned by the lawyers," Judge Smith replied.

Mr. Tolliver explained that he belonged to the Glorious church. "We want to do as Christ would do," said he. "Christ always set folks free. Preach salvation to people who have committed sins—that's what the Bible says. And then there's the Golden Rule. Do you think I would want a jury to send me to the penitentiary?"

BURTON LOSES FIGHT

Ohio Senator-Elect Uses All His Logic and Eloquence to Defeat Battleship Appropriation.

Washington, Jan. 23.—At the close of a debate in which only one congressman, Bourke Cockran, of New York, made a speech that showed hostility to Japan, the house yesterday thwarted an effort made to reduce the number of giant battleships from the two recommended by the naval affairs committee. On the final passage of the appropriation measure it decided on the two-battleship program almost without a dissenting vote.

Senator-elect Burton employed all his logic and eloquence to eliminate the battleship appropriation altogether, but he was overwhelmingly defeated. The amendment of Finley, of South Carolina, designed to kill the battleship provision, with Mr. Burton an advocate of moral suasion, was buried under a vote of 160 to 80.

Burton Loses Again.

Again the Cleveland congressman sought to amend the measure by making provision for only one ship. In this attempt, too, he was unsuccessful, although the votes showed some gain in strength. The house was determined to stand by the committee in its demand for two big ships, and neither eloquence nor parliamentary tactics were able to down its wish.

As a result of many personal requests made by President Roosevelt in the last few days, none of the recognized White House advocates made the slightest effort to have the number of battleships raised to the four asked for by the secretary of the navy and recommended by the President. It is fairly certain that the President had not the slightest hope of securing the four ships when he made the request in his message. Four were asked in order to give the supporters of the naval expansion program in the house an opportunity to effect a compromise with the supporters of the no-battleship plan.

Reason for Silence.

It is a matter of common knowledge among the members of the house that the silence of the President's friends on the subject of four battleships was due to the express desire of Mr. Rooevelt and Secretary Root. It was pointed out to the White House congressmen that the gravity of the Japanese situation would make an open campaign in favor of four battleships at this time very unwelcome to the administration. Although these tactics were permitted and even encouraged by the President last year in order to make the appropriation for two ships a certainty, the present disturbed condition of the relations between Japan and the United States, it was shown, might be converted into a crisis by a series of speeches in favor of the maximum number.

LIBEL CASE PRECEDENT

Action Cannot Be Brought in U. S. Court, Says Legal Authority.

Pittsburg, Jan. 22.—That action for libel cannot be brought in federal courts against the publishers of newspapers containing the alleged libelous matter concerning the purchase of the Panama Canal company, and that the examination being conducted by the grand jury in the United States district court at New York must result in some other form of indictment, formed the conclusions reached by a prominent member of the Pittsburg law school faculty, following his discovery of records of a similar case more than 100 years old.

Precedent Is Found.

The United States supreme court, in the February term, 1807, denied that such jurisdiction was wihtin the powers of federal courts. Law records show that the Connecticut Courant of May 7, 1806, contained a "libel on the President and congress, charging them with having in secret voted $2,000,000 as a present to Bonaparte for leave to make a treaty with Spain."

PapersAre Filed.

Washington, Jan. 22.—The district attorney's office presented a busy scene today, a large force of clerks being engaged in marking for ready reference copies of the newspapers containing the alleged libelous matter in connection with the purchase of the Panama canal.

Senator Knox, accompanied by his private secretary, appeared at the court house promptly at 11 o'clock, and was immediately ushered into District Attorney Baker's office, where a short conference was held.

Senator Knox volunteered to appear before the grand jury, a senator not being subject to subpoena during a session of congress.

TAFT MEETS JOHN D.

Are Introduced at Banquet in Atlanta Hotel.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 21.—Although William H. Taft and John D. Rockefeller have been guests of the Bon Air hotel since Monday, it was 8:40 o'clock last night at a banquet when they first met.

Mr. Rockefeller had for some time been holding an informal reception at which the arriving guests had been eager attendants. When Mr. Taft arrived he established himself a short distance from Mr. Rockefeller in the assembly room of the hotel. At once the crowd began to desert the oil magnate and assemble around Mr. Taft. Mr. Rockefeller was taken by the hand by C. A. Woods, manager of the hotel, and formally presented to Mr. Taft.

"How are you, Mr. Rockefeller?" was the jovial salutation of Mr. Taft. "I got around the golf links in 88 today."

"I wanted to hear you speak this afternoon," was the reply of Mr. Rockefeller, who added, with a touch of regret in his voice, "but I could not get near enough."

This ended the interview as the other guests pressed forward for an introduction to Mr. Taft.

TAFT DENIED AN AUTO

Senate Committee Refuses His Request.

Washington, Jan. 21.—The urgent deficiency appropriation bill, as reported to the senate today from the committee on appropriations, carried $1,151,602, an increase of only $25,000 over the amount of the bill as it was passed by the house. The committee struck out the house provision for an appropriation of $12,000 for the purchase of automobiles for the use of the President, which was included upon the expressed wish of President-elect Taft, who prefers the automobile to the horse.

Strengthens the Nerves Produces Restful Sleep

MR. JOHN A. THOLENS.

Mr. John A. Tholens, of Syracuse, N. Y., who is 75 years of age and has just celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary, extols Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey as the greatest tonic stimulant known; says it strengthens his nerves, aids digestion and produces restful sleep.

Mr. Tholens, like thousands of others who have received marked benefits from this great medicine, says he is anxious to have every one know what Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has done for him.

In a recent interview Mr. Tholens said: I have been using Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey and am still using it as a tonic stimulant. I have received very marked benefit from the same. I follow your directions and take the medicine in small doses. It strengthens my nerves, aids digestion and brings me restful sleep.

"A few weeks ago I met a friend who had been ailing all winter and I advised him to get a bottle of Duffy's Malt Whiskey. I met him again a few days ago and he told me he was taking it and was receiving great benefit from its use. Send him a Medical Booklet.

"My stomach trouble is about gone. I can eat a square meal without after distress and my heart, which behaved badly, perhaps on account of the stomach trouble, is decidedly improved. Next Tuesday I will be 75 years of age, and am a veteran of the War of the Rebellion. Mrs. Tholens and I have just celebrated our golden wedding anniversary."

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

cures nervousness, typhoid, malaria, every form of stomach trouble, diseases of the throat and lungs, and all run down and weakened conditions of the body, brain and nerves. It is prescribed by doctors and is recognized as a family medicine everywhere.

CAUTION—When you ask your druggist, grocer or dealer for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. It's the only absolutely pure medicinal malt whiskey and is sold in large sealed bottles only—never in bulk. Price $1. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and make sure the seal over the cork is unbroken. Write Consulting Physician, Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y., for free illustrated medical booklet and free advice.

LOST MIND, TELLS IDENTITY WHILE IN HYPNOTIC STATE

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 21.—Some almost miraculous results are being produced by Dr. Allen R. Diefendorf, professor of mental diseases in the Yale medical college, through the agency of hypnotism, in making a man who has lost his mind tell who he is and what has happened to him.

A man was found unconscious in Meadow street a few days ago by a patrolman and taken to the station house. Later he was removed to Grace hospital, but when he was revived he was found to have lost his mind and could not tell where he came from, who he was or anything of his past life.

Dr. Diefendorf has been experimenting with him for several days, by putting him into a hypnotic sleep and then asking him questions tending towards an identification. In the last interview the man gesticulated that his name is Austin, or Owten; that his home was in Forty-second street, New York; that his wife's name is Minnie, and that in New York he had suffered an injury to his head by falling down the elevator shaft at Klein's lace curtain factory, at Grand and Chrystie streets. He described attending clinics at Bellevue hospital and operations on his head; traced curtain patterns as proof of his trade, and also claimed to have had $25 in his pocket in New Haven, though his pockets were empty when he was found, and his watch was missing, tending to show that he had been beaten and robbed.

The story told by the sleeper from day to day varies in no particular, and Dr. Diefendorf says he will eventually establish the man's identity through the strange medium of hypnotism.

$40,000,000 WASTED

George K. Turner Declares Government Squanders Money on Navy.

New York, Jan. 22.—The federal government wastes $40,000,000 on the navy each year, declares George Kibbe Turner in the February number of McClure's Magazine. To back up his assertion Mr. Turner tells how and where this $40,000,000 can be saved without reducing the strength or fighting equipment.

Waste in Yards.

The waste is in the maintenance of navy yards, according to Mr. Turner's article, yards which no battleship captains dare take their vessels to, because, if they did get them in, there would be a strong chance that they would never get them out.

He points out that navy yards are maintained in states merely to please the whim of senators from those states, and that in these yards the cost of labor and maintenance is many times greater than the value of the work done in Uncle Sam's fighting ships.

Hale Is Lashed.

Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, the man whom he declares is "the owner of the navy," is taken severely to task. Senator Hale is the chairman of the naval committee of the senate, and Mr. Turner says "when Senator Hale wants anything he takes it."

DELAY JAP BILLS

Done at the Request of President Roosevelt.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 21.—Consideration of bills denying the Japanese the right to own land or to be directors of corporations, was delayed for one week by the state assembly at the request of President Roosevelt and Governor Gillett.

JOY WORK

And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a prominent corner at an early morning hour and watch the throngs of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example:

If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, isn't it?

Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple and you will find "Grape-Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you can use.

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last resort—with the result that prompted the testimonial.

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair, impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joy-work, because you can keep well, and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read the "Road to Wellville" in every package—"There's a Reason."

TEAPOT SHOWS TOMB

Battered Utensil Led Lupton to Place Where Bodies Were Buried.

Washington, Jan. 22.—It was by a battered teapot, the property of Mrs. Cheney, wife of the American consul at Messina at the time of the earthquake, that Stuart K. Lupton, vice consul at Messina, succeeded, on the morning of the catastrophe, in fixing the location of the American consulate, where Mr. and Mrs. Cheney were killed.

In Water to Knees.

In a letter to the state department, Mr. Lupton says that immediately after the terrible shock he started in the direction of the consulate.

"Knowing of Dr. Cheney's lameness," he says, "I wished to render what assistance I could. I had not proceeded more than 50 yards when I found myself walking in water up to my knees in a place which should have been eight feet above the water level.

"At the place where I supposed the consulate to be there was nothing but a heap of ruins, iron beams, splintered wood, bricks and stones in shapeless confusion. I was not sure of the spot, and climbed over the ruins to see if I could find anything familiar.

Found Old Teapot.

"Finally I came across a battered teapot, which I recognized as the property of Mrs. Cheney, and, remembering the spot where it had stood, was able to get my bearings."

After working hard all day, assisting in the rescue work, Mr. Lupton "went to sleep on a coil of rope on the foreshore, not bothering about any possible consequences." Later he went aboard the Chesapeake.

TENNESSEE GOES DRY

Legislature Passes Bill for Statewide Prohibition.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 21.—Over the veto of Governor Patterson both houses of the legislature yesterday passed senate bill No. 1, which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors in Tennessee within four miles of a school house.

The law is effective on July 1, 1909. The vote in the house stood 20 to 13, the same as on original passage. The house vote was 61 to 36. The original house vote was 62 to 37. In each house the passage was effected through a combination of Republicans and Democrats.

The galleries were packed in both houses and the debates following the reading of the governor's message were bitter. The action of the legislature today brings to a close one of the bitterest political fights in the history of Tennessee.

AGREEMENT AS TO FISHERIES

Washington, Jan. 25.—An agreement has been reached between Secretary Root and the British and Canadian and Newfoundland governments through their representatives here on the Newfoundland fisheries question to be submitted to the Hague court for arbitration.

The report of the negotiations was immediately cabled to the home governments with a view to formal approval. Mr. Root hopes to go before the senate foreign relations committee tomorrow and explain its provisions.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.65. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, $60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME. $1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles FREE. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 263 Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 33 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

Would You Marry If Suited? Matrimonial paper with advertisements marriageable people, many rich, from all sections, mailed sealed free. D.G. Gunnels, Toledo, O.

ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED. No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthma sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. 3, American Express Building, Chicago.

LADIES Let us send you FREE a 50 cent Box of VITA SANA, a Home Treatment for Female Diseases. Write now. EDWIN MERCER CO., Dept. M., DETROIT, MICH.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X409, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

FENCE STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong chicken-tight Sold to the user at Wholesale Prices. We Pay Freight. Catalogue free. COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 216 Winchester, Indiana.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 35c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 220-21 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box S-24, Danville, Va.

HOW Gamblers Win at Slot machines. Cards, Dice, Etc., by secret system. Get wise. Circular free. Ham. B. Co., Box Bt. 16, Hammond, Ind.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 292 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

$36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce poultry and stock remedies. Grant Co., Dept. 90, Springfield, Illinois.

FOR SALE—Dairy Farm, near Toledo, O.; 160 acres. Box 97, R. F. D. No. 7, Toledo, O.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks, Customs Clerks, Clerks at Washington. Salaries $800.00 to $1,600.00 yearly. Your payment twice each month absolutely certain; no "layoffs" because of poor times; annual vacation with full salary; short hours; over 2,000 appointments from many examinations to be held in every state, May 15th. Every citizen over 18 is eligible. We prepare candidates free. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 40, Rochester, N. Y.

LISTEN: 160-acre farm, $1,285; spring, 300 bearing trees, other farms. McGrath, Mountain View, Mo.

WRITE TODAY for free sample of Fosterine—wonderful cure for Rheumatism and a positive specific for swollen and strained muscles. Fosterine Remedy Co., Toledo, Ohio.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know. Information for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

VIRGINIA FARMS AND HOMES, FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS. R. B. Chaffin & Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

$90 A MONTH, $60 expense allowance at start, to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. American Home Supply Co., Desk W. 1, Chicago, Ill.

APPLES WANTED—I desire to buy your apples; kindly let me know how many you have for sale. Address D. B. Trase, Madison, Ohio.

TROUBLE AT AN END

New Orleans, La., Jan. 21.—From information gained from the commandants of the United States gunboats Marietta and Dubuque, Gen. Henrique Berens, until ten days ago commandant of the port of Ceiba, Honduras, is confident that trouble between the countries of Central America is at an end for a long time to come at least.

The state department at Washington, he says, has intimated in no uncertain terms that peace must be maintained, or otherwise the United States will take a hand.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Make us glad that friendly hands meet
our own; that kindness is always sweet
and sympathy divine.

MONDAY

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away
As we busily wield a broom.

TUESDAY

The kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.

WEDNESDAY

He sang of joy; whate'er he knew of sadness
He kept for his own heart's peculiar share;
So well he sang, the world imagined gladness
To be sole tenant there.

THURSDAY

The fortunate people—the truly fortunate—are not so much those who succeed in life as those who succeed in living.

FRIDAY

Oh many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SATURDAY

A song in the heart makes all hard things easier, all heavy burdens lighter, all bitter sorrows less bitter. If we would but sing at our work, we should not grow weary.

THE TIDE WILL TURN

ELIZABETH AYRES

"When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn."

It was Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote this, and it is a bit of "keep up your courage" advice that is good to remember and to follow. It is not the time to give up and say: "I can't do it," when obstacles arise. "I can't" never accomplished anything, and ,so far as obstacles are concerned, they should inspire greater energy instead of being taken as discouraging hindrances.

Moments come to everyone when it seems impossible to go on; when to give up trying and to let go is a temptation difficult to overcome; when the "what's the use?" feeling is stronger than any other, and the duty of persistence and unconquerableness is forgotten. Moments such as these are moments of mental misery that are hard to bear. It is not always possible to escape these moments but, if in our desire to shake off their depression we are spurred to greater endeavor, they are not without virtue. To succumb to such feelings, and to allow them to conquer is weakness, and the weakness brings the punishment of suffering from them oftener and oftener.

Sinking into the slough of despond because things go against one makes matters worse instead of better. Despondency is not only a cause of failure, but it takes the zest from life. It never lifts one out of tight places. The only things that will, are courage, tenacity and determination. These are powerful forces that prevent one from giving up, no matter what happens.

There is nothing more pathetic than a man or woman who has become discouraged and has let go. The probabilities are they need not have been pathetic objects if they had held on a little longer and recognized the fact that the time to give up is not when things are seemingly at their worst. "That's just the place and time when the tide'll turn."

Pluck, hopefulness and buoyancy of spirit carry one over many rough places. These qualities are as helpful in the small affairs of life as in the large ones. It is only the comparatively few who are engaged in affairs of magnitude. It is the many who make up the average life, and the average life is far from being without its objects to attain and its difficulties to surmount. To live the average, or ordinary life, and to live it well, is to have contributed to the welfare of the world. To meet and overcome small difficulties is as creditable as to conquer the great ones and requires equal bravery.

Too many give way to discouragement and to despair, or sink under troubles for which they may not be responsible. They count their lives as wrecked, and, allowing the wreckage to engulf them, make no further effort to go on. Inaction may seem the easier part, but in reality, it is the harder. Physical and mental activity bring solace and healing, while despair is a thief of effort and energy.

It is a sign of pluck to keep up courage in the face of adversity, to keep on trying when failure threatens and everything seems to be going wrong. Pluck has won many of life's battles, and pluck will help to win ours if we summon it to our assistance and hold fast to the faith that "the tide'll turn."

"Pluck wins; it always wins, though days be slow,
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go,—
Still Pluck will win—its average is sure;
He wins the most who can the most endure;
Who faces evils, he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and who always works."

DOLLS AND THEIR ANTIQUITY

Among the books of the new year is The Doll Book, which is an attractive volume, profusely illustrated and devoted to the study of the doll and its history. The book is the work of Laura B. Starr, and is a readable sort of a volume in which many interesting facts, stories and anecdotes about dolls and puppets from all parts of the earth are assembled.

Regarding the antiquity of the doll is this:

Who played with the first doll? How was it fashioned? When and where was it evolved? are questions to which history fails to give a satisfactory answer. We search the archives of the past, we unearth Egypt to discover the secret, we wander through pagan Rome, we travel to India, to the cradle of our civilization, as far back as documentary evidence, legend or myth will carry us and we find dolls. Recorded history does not go back to the time when there were no dolls.

They were found in the sanctuary of the pagan, in the tombs of the dead; pictured in quaint and sometimes awkward lines in plaster and stone that have withstood the elements for thousands of years. Since time was they have been, apparently, the presiding deity of the hearthstone and the cradle. Most people would subscribe to the popular theory that the mother impulse is so strong in every child that she must have some object upon which to lavish her childish affection and that the most natural object is a doll, built on somewhat the same lines as the baby brother or sister or some of the "grown ups" of the family.

The gathered opinions of various early and classic writers point to the probability that the doll, as the image of a human or superhuman creature, had an ecclesiastical origin and was used in the ceremonies of the religion which preceded Brahmanism. Later, with the religion, it was carried to China and Egypt and from thence made its way to all the other countries of the globe.

That dolls were common in the time of Moses is certain, for we read that in those sarcophagi which are frequently exhumed in Egypt, there have been found beside the poor little baby mummies, pathetically comical little imitations of themselves placed there by loving mothers, within reach of the cold little baby fingers.

CHINESE ANTIQUE AND TILT-UP DOLLS.
The tilt-up doll is very popular with the Chinese and enters into several of their games.
—From The Doll Book. The Outing Co.

In the museums of Naples and Rome there are numbers of terra-cotta dolls that were found in the ruins of Pompeii. When Herculaneum was being excavated there was found the figure of a little girl with a doll clasped tightly in her arms. The presence of dolls in the graves of children is accounted for by the fact that it was an ancient custom to bury a child's toys with it in the expectation that the spirit forms of the inanimate things would rise with the child and amuse it in the spirit world, as they had done in this.

The oldest dolls in the world are in the British museum. They were found in the tombs of Egyptian children and some among them are more than 4,000 years old. Queer little manikins they are, but they command immense respect as being the veritable doll babies which the little brown-skinned children of Pharaoh's land loved and cuddled and put to sleep centuries before the Christ child was born.

The collection is labeled "Early Egyptian Dolls," with dates ranging from 1,000 to 4,000 years B. C. There is a great variety of them, as to material, form and decorations. Clothes evidently were thought superfluous or the material of which they were made has vanished, for there is nothing that might even by a vivid imagination be thought to represent clothing. These small images are made of ivory, clay, wood and bronze.

The oldest doll in America lives in Montgomery county, Maryland. She was brought to this country by William Penn, in 1699. His daughter, Letitia, selected the doll as a gift for a little Miss Rankin of Philadelphia. The children of the Quakers of those days took great care of their playthings, and although the doll was the cherished companion of several generations of little Quakeresses, she is still in good condition, wearing the grand court dress in which she came to this country.

During the war between the north and south, many a precious article was conveyed through the lines inside a doll's body. Not even the soldier on guard had the heart to deprive a child of its most valued and apparently harmless toy by confiscating a doll, but presently the trick was discovered and no more dolls were allowed to pass through the lines. Quinine, morphine and other drugs as well as dispatches, were conveyed in this manner and the families to whom these dolls were sent treasured them beyond belief. A Mississippi family has a small colony of dolls which brought cotton seed from Mexico at that time, and the whole Natchez district is still growing cotton from that seed.

One of the largest and the most important collection of dolls in the world belongs to Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania. This collection numbers thirteen hundred dolls, many of them life-sized, dressed in national and historic costumes. In many cases they are arranged in gowns showing the occupations of the people and often the process of some manufacture.

One of the interesting features of Carmen Sylva's collection is the names of the royal givers of the dolls. Queen Victoria was a contributor, and her daughter, the Empress Frederick, and her grandson, Emperor William II, was a generous contributor, sending a miniature image of himself when he was a child. Queen Margherita of Italy, sent one of the pope's guards, a Roman coantadina, and a Venetian gondolier. Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, sent a number of picturesque Dutch dolls and the queen of Servia contributed dolls wearing the Servian national costume. In addition to the royal and historic dolls there are in the collection peasant dolls representing every European nation in every century.—Published by The Outing Publishing Co., New York.

THE POETS' CORNER

HOW BETSY AND I MADE UP

Will Carleton.

Give me your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do today?
You drew up that agreement,—I s'pose you want your pay;
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin', I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And, if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipp'd me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No,—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No,—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we miss'd the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turn'd that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy was good and kind;
And these things they flash'd all through me, as you know things sometimes will,
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back;
And 'taint an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two,"
And so I set my teeth together, and vow'd I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me,—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I cramm'd the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house,
But she watch'd my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I draw'd the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she know'd what 'twas about,
And then I humm'd a little tune, but now and then a note
Was busted by some animal that hopp'd up in my throat.

Then Betsy she got her specs from off the mantel shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir,—I didn't come to inquire,—
But I pick'd up that agreement and stuff'd it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash,
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said in regard to Heaven, we'd see and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And open'd our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimm'd and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But, when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsy rose politely, and show'd her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment,—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks;
I'm richer than a National bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

IN HONEYSUCKLE TIME

By a quaint, old-fashioned garden I am straying,
As the shadows lengthen at the twilight hour;
And it takes me back to one night in the gloaming,
When I parted from New England's fairest flow'r,
Sweet Kathleen, I seem to see you in my dreaming,
In the doorway where the honeysuckles climb,
Where I murmured as I kissed away the teardrops;
I'll return, dear heart, in honeysuckle time.

CHORUS.

When the honeysuckles once again are blooming,
We shall hear the dear old church-bell sweetly chime,
In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Meet me, sweet Kathleen, in honeysuckle time.

It is honeysuckle time in old New England,
I am roaming through the scenes I love so dear;
Nature's fair tonight, but still my heart is sighing,
For the girl who said she'd meet me is not here.
In the doorway where I left her no one's waiting,
In the little church the sweet bells sadly chime,
Meet me, sweet Kathleen, in honeysuckle time.

THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

Oh, the little busy bee, in the garden you may see,
Gathering honey thru' the golden summer hours;
He is cheerry and he's gay, and intent he works away,
Storing treasures from the sweetly blooming flowers.

CHORUS.

Working, working in the sunbeams,
Gathering honey all the day,
O, the little busy bee is the type for you and me,
For the winter he provides in sunny May.

When the lark springs from the corn in the early summer morn,
And ascends on wings of gladness to the sky,
O, the little busy bee to his labor goeth he,
You may hear his merry song as he goes by.

In the sultry glare of noon, still he sings his merry tune,
As he ranges through the depths of some bright dell,
If you try to shut him in you will hear a pretty din,
And may chance to get an angry blow as well.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem entitled The Law, written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is asked for.

The humorous poem, Farewell to My Homestead, is inquired for. It begins:

Farewell to my cracker box cupboard,
With a gunnysack hung for a door.

The old song, It is Years Since Last We Met, is wanted.

The Pitcher of Tears, a poem thought to have been written by Miss Philips, is requested.

Will some one send the words of the song entitled, I Have No Mother Now.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower -left-hand-corner of the envelope.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A HELPFUL LETTER

Having received so much help from The Blade I would be glad to make some return. I will send a little story that has been a help to me, with a prayer that it may help some other sister who has much to bear.

A lady, while out driving, was thrown from her carriage, the horses being frightened by a passing automobile. Her injuries were of a nature to necessitate a severe operation. After the surgeon had finished his work and stood looking at her, she asked: "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here?"

"Only a day at a time; only a day at a time," was his answer, and for many months his cheery reply came often to her mind and helped through weary days.

And another thought that is a real help is this: "Keep an even mind."

This thought was embodied in a story or legend which was in a very old book that was loaned to me some time ago. A young man set out with high hopes. For a long time all was well, but bye and bye the road became difficult. At length he seemed to have lost it altogether. After long and fruitless journeying he sat down to ponder the question of how he had lost the way. Becoming weary, he fell asleep, and in a dream there appeared to him a figure holding out a golden staff and saying: "Now, I know thou dost truly wish to find the right path. Here I again restore thy gold staff." And, behold, the staff was an even mind.

And now, sisters, I will give you a favorite verse and say good-bye:

Build a little fence of trust around today,
Fill the space with loving deeds and therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars upon tomorrow,
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

—Aunt Lois.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

As I take an interest in reading the letters of the Cozy Corner I thought I would write a few lines myself and say how industrious the men of the west are. I have been married seven years. I have six children, the oldest six years old, and among them are a pair of twins. I do all my work, wash, cook, sew and chop the wood. My husband lies in bed and smokes until ten o'clock. I build my fire in the morning, cook breakfast and take his to the bed. Then he gets up, goes to town and I see no more of him until midnight, rain or shine.

If anyone in the Cozy Corner can tell me what to do I will thank them. —Western Woman.

A PROTEST

I do not like the article on dishwashing which appeared in the Cozy Corner for January 7. What is to be gained by stacking dishes? You have them to do anyway, and unless you have a very large number of cooking utensils, when you start to get a meal, everything is dirty and the meal is harder to prepare. If you leave them for a day it would take the best part of the morning to wash them. If washed after each meal it only takes a very few minutes, very seldom a half hour. By using the plan of washing dishes described in the article it will shorten the time you are at them. The silver, if put in hot water, will dry just the same as the dishes, but I prefer to wipe both. Another thing that should be taken into consideration: Too many times we go to bed feeling well and waken up feeling miserable and hardly able to get the morning meal. I am sure you would feel you were more of a slave if you had dishes for a whole day left over to wash when, instead, you could have time to lie down and would think it was no killing matter to leave the breakfast dishes for a while.

Now, I am not a crank, nor do I always wash the dishes after each meal, but when I leave them it always puts me back with my work and things do not run so smoothly. I was raised in a town and never lived in the country until two years ago; perhaps that is the reason things have to be done at their proper time for me to get through, if I have any leisure for myself. By having a regular routine for my work I get through with it nicely and have time to go just about where I want to.—Grace.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

To take out iron rust—A very successful way is put five cents' worth of oxalic acid in an eight-ounce bottle, fill it with water and shake thoroughly. Wet the rust spots with this mixture and hold over the spout of a boiling tea kettle, and it will fade out. Care should be taken to wash the goods in soap and water as soon as the rust is removed, but not in bluing as the acid sets the blue. This bottle of acid mixture will last a year. When the water is gone, fill it again.—A Reader of The Blade.

INQUIRIES

G. D. M. writes: Will some first class breadmaker please tell me what ails my bread. Why is it white and flaky one time, and hard and coarse at others? I always try to make it the same way, but with the same kind of yeast and flour, there is a great difference. What makes it hard and coarse?

Mrs. E. J. S. would like to know how to clean coal smoke stains from wall paper.

A Happy Mother writes: Will some one please send a recipe for making ginger cakes like those sold in stores?

Prompt answers to inquiries are much appreciated. If you know the answer, don't wait, thinking someone else will send it in, but come to the rescue yourself.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Do not shut the doors of your mind except to evil. Keep them open to all that is good and true and improving. None is ever too old to learn.

If any sister can tell from experience or observation how women living in small towns or in the country may earn money we shall be glad to be instructed. We have many inquiries regarding this matter and we should like to have some suggestion or stories of experience in this line to "help along."

Letters received since last we came together are from Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Stella, Margaret from Huntingdon Co., Pa., Sunny Grandma, A Friend to All, L. L. K., Honeymaelew, Hat, A Mother, Lonely, A True Friend to the Cozy Corner and Mrs. Oscar Blair.

Please do not write for the addresses of our letter writers as these are something we do not supply.—Editor.

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LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

"You will reap what you sow," said the wise papa;
And the wise little boy who heard
Said at once: "Then I'll plant some canary seed,
And perhaps I shall raise a bird."

—Alice W. Rollins.

I send you a few lines, and it's my nigger doll this time. We heard the bells jingling, we did not know what it was, and ere we knew it, there came Santa Claus. A book, a box of crackerjack and candy were my gifts. I had three books from Mrs. Davis, my friend. I took my nigger doll and nightgown to speak in. They roared and laughed when I went in, because my doll had white buttons for eyes. The last time I wrote I was four years old, but now I am five.—Peter W. C. Shunk.

I am a girl 12 years old. I live in Indiana. I am fond of reading. I have three sisters, two of them are younger than I, and one is older. Both my grandmothers and grandfathers are still living, and their birthdays are in October. I have two lambs and a cat for pets. The lambs' names are Nellie and Nannie. They are two years old and will do many tricks. They can play hide and seek with me. My cat's name is Anneta. She is about four or five years old and plays like a kitten. She can sit up on her hind feet very nicely. When she wants something to eat, I just say: "Sit up nice," and she sits up. She sleeps on the couch and at the foot of my bed in the daytime. At night she goes out doors. We have a spring from which we carry our water. It is very cold in summertime. There is a lake on our farm. My papa has taken The Blade for some time. With love to all.—Enid Baer.

I am a little girl seven years old and live in the good old Buckeye state. I love to go to school and am in the fourth reader, arithmetic and spelling. My papa is dead, and my mamma, two brothers and I stay at my grandpapa's. They are kind to me. My grandpa was a soldier and was with Sherman when he marched to the sea. His name is Josiah Sines. I have four cats for pets. One of them is a great singer and comes up stairs where I am as soon as he can get in the house. I must tell you what Santa Claus brought me—a nice doll and a postcard album. I love to read the children's letters.—Bessie Sines.

As I have not seen any letters from Kentucky I will write one. I am a little girl 13 years old. I will be 14, March 31st. Who has my birthday? I live in the country on a farm of about 150 acres. My mamma takes The Blade, and I enjoy reading the children's letters very much. I haven't any brother or sister, but I have a sweet little cousin about 14 months old. His name is Kenneth. I have for pets, two cats, seven dolls and a colt. I like to go to school. My school closed about two weeks ago. My teacher was my cousin, Miss Clara Pierce. If I am welcome I will come again.—Ollie Pierce.

I like to read the Household Page. I am a little girl eleven years old. My poor mamma's mind went wrong soon after I was born and she died last November. I have no brothers or sisters, and papa and I live alone. I go to school every day if I am not sick. I live close to school, church, postoffice and store, so it is not quite so lonesome. I have two pet cats and eight dolls, but I suppose if I live and keep growing I shall have to lay the dolls aside before very long.—A Green Mountain Girl.

I am a litle girl of eleven years. I live in Pennsylvania. I will answer Gertrude Fuller's letter. My grandfather was in the Civil war. He is 64 years old. I live with him. My mother is dead. I have one sister. We live on a farm of 155 acres. I have a mile to go to school, and I go every day. I like my teacher very well. My pets are four kittens and a bull terrier dog. I have five dolls and a Teddy bear. I live by a railroad. My grandfather's name is Fritz. The name of the station is Fritz. It was named after my grandfather. I live in a large, white house, and the Susquehanna river runs by our place.—Pauline Everly.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental moral and social improvement.

I have been interested in your discourses on Success, Girls' Faults, etc., but Little Meg's letter on the latter subject especially pleased me, so I thought I would ask if I could be admitted to the circle. I live in one of our eastern cities, and have never been farther west than West Virginia, but anything western, always appeals to me, and I have hopes of traveling there some day.

In reply, or rather co-operation with Little Meg's letter on Girls' Faults, I wish to say that the subject she treats is of much interest to me and I would like to say a worl. I think one of the greatest faults of girls is instability. You know most girls like to do as others do, and they are always ready and willing to cater to the prevailing fad, no matter how absurd or inappropriate. Why can't they use their own judgment and do what they think is best, instead of giving up some of their pet fancies, simply because they might be considered a little peculiar. I always admire an individual, self-reliant girl who can think for herself, do what is right, and is independent of all gossip.

In connection with the idea of looking for good and finding it, I should like to repeat a little story I once heard. A king sent two of his servants out in the cane field, one to pick flowers, and the other to pick weeds. When the first one returned with a large bunch of flowers, the king said, "And did you not find any weeds in the field?"

The servant answered, "Oh, my king, you sent me to pick flowers. I had no eyes for the weeds."

When the second returned with his bunch of weeds, the king questioned him. "Were there not also some flowers in the field."

"Oh, my king," he answered, "I saw no flowers. You sent me after weeds." —Easterner.

I have directed two explosives at the M. G. R. columns, but so far, without effect. However, there is no law against trying my luck again. Perhaps my letters touched on the bizarre, perhaps they lacked the quality of human interest. Cheer up—the worst is yet to come! I am a poet—not a thundering, Olympian poet, but just a plain, ordinary, cantankerous poet. Perhaps this is the reason for my having to stay out in the cold. If I am writing recklessly, let us blame it on this terrible day of gloom, of glowering mists and melancholy skies.

What is success? In the language of sacred writ: "To covet earnestly the best gifts"—the gifts of service, in one word—helpfulness. Of course there will be buffeting of wind and wave. There will be cross currents and choppy seas, but with every lurch of the ship, hold the helm true to port. I have, myself, met a good share of storm and stress, but the craft is still seaworthy, so long as courage keeps captain.

I have written, I observe, mostly of myself. In setting up my copy, my fingers have happened to light chiefly on the capital "I." Isn't it a happy provision of Mother Nature that everyone thinks one is worth writing about? —and one is.—The Country Bard.

Here comes a reader of The Blade from the Lone Star state, "dear old Texas." How proud I am that I am a Texan and have privileges that so many do not enjoy. I certainly enjoy the M. G. R., but why not sign our real name instead of a nom de plume?

I am an orphan and live on a farm three miles from town, which is just as close as I want to be, for I love country life. I am striving for an education, just what everyone should work for, and I shall never be satisfied till I am a graduate and have a diploma. I shall have to work my way through school, but then I shall know how my education came and how to appreciate it. I attended the Sam Houston Normal at Huntsville, Texas, in the past summer and had a fine time. There I met many pleasant people and made many friends. —Myrtle Brooks.

If you will accept a-letter from a dark-eyed Virginia girl, I shall be very much pleased to become one of the M. G. R. band. I am staying in a little town in Grayson county, Virginia, among the beautiful mountains, where trees are often so covered with snow as to make them look as if they were in beautiful white bloom in January. I am about eighteen miles from home. I often long to see my father and mother, brothers and sisters, but an office girl does not get much time to visit. I sometimes feel very homesick and life looks gloomy, but the M. G. R. letters have been a great help to me.

We cannot always have sunshine. The cloudy days have their mission as well as the sunny ones, and in time of trouble God is ever near to us. We must look to Him for help and let our trust in Him be steadfast, never looking backward, but forward. I find the best way to forget the trials of life is just to get among my friends at leisure hours and try to do and say all I can to make them happy and cheer them along their way.—Dark-Eyed Virginia Girl.

Having been a reader of The Blade for the past two years, and being especially diligent in perusing the M. G. R. letters I have decided to write a few words myself. The motto is all that could be desired and yet, in the struggle for wealth and power in this fair land how very few live up to it.

I was very much interested in the letters pertaining to authors and their books, and being a great reader myself would have been pleased to give my favorites but the discussion closed. I live in Iowa, not far from the capital city. I wonder if any of the members live near me? Iowa Maid, who are you?—Bracaleone.

May a girl from Nebraska enter your gates? I read all your letters with loving interest and beg to be entered as one of you.

I am a farmer's daughter and live on a farm of 320 acres with my parents, an aged grandmother, and two younger sisters. I am 18 years old, am five feet six inches in height, have brown hair, gray eyes and tan on my face, as all Nebraska farm girls have. As for good looks, I haven't any great amount of them, but we who lack beauty must try to make up for it in other ways. Now, I don't want you to think I am a scarecrow, for I am not. I am just a jolly Nebraska girl. I was born in the log house I am penning these lines in, and go to a country school, half a mile from my home. I haven't much of an education, but I enjoy listening to those who have, and our paper is filled with them. I call The Blade "our" paper, for I know you all, even if you have never heard of me. I have never seen a letter from this state, and I could not stand it any longer, as it is my home and I love it.

Dakota Bill, we may not be so very far apart. I live about twenty miles from the north line of Nebraska. The Indians come to this place and camp in the busy time of the year. They hire out to help dig potatoes and thresh grain, etc. One can hire them from 25 to 50 cents less per day than the white men, and they board themselves. They are excellent hands. The Indian women do not look very nice to me, though most of them are getting so they talk well, and some of the younger ones look like white people and dress as we do.

I live in the line of potato raisers, and I wish you eastern cousins could visit our town when the merchants are shipping potatoes. It is a busy time. With three cheers for our future President, Mr. Taft, I am done until I shall be called upon to come again.—Sunshine of Nebraska.

THE FIRST SABBATH SCHOOL

"Boby Wild Goose and his ragged regiment" was the name hooted after Robert Raikes, the first modern Sunday-school advocate, and his scholars. The thoroughfare was "Sooty Alley," and the scholars were the ragged boys who toiled in the pin factories of Gloucester, England. Robert Raikes paid Mrs. Brandon, a poor woman, one shilling each Sunday to teach the boys the Bible. That was in 1780. Four years later there were 250,000 boys and girls attending Sunday-school in the kingdom.

Today the Sunday-school hour in city or village, the civilized world over, resembles Lilliputian land on dress parade. Streets leading to churches are bonny with lads and lassies, not ragged, but dressed in their best, going happily to "hear the wond'rous story." Thousands now do the work Robert Raikes started.

One of the greatest factors in developing the Sunday-school in America is the Sunday-school Union. Mr. E. P. Bancroft is the present secretary. This organization has been laboring in the field for ninety-one years. Last year it established 1878 new Sunday-schools in destitute places and reorganized 724, a total of 2,602 set in operation, with 102,034 members. The society employed 297 missionaries. It received $215,613 and spent $206,017. Besides the work of this organization, each denomination has its own missionaries in the field recruiting for its Sunday schools.—From "How 100 Sunday Schools Have Succeeded," in the January Delineator.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

What we call Luck is simply Pluck,
And the doing things over and over;
Courage and will, perseverance and skill,
Are the four leaves of Luck's clover.

If we are to have an M. G. R. reunion the 11th of February you should be sending your letters this way. Time flies, you know, and it takes time to get ready for a reunion. Wake up!

Sitting Bull: There is no admission fee to the M. G. R., other than to write a letter for publication, which you have done. We are an organization without officers. We all pull together in peace and harmony.—Yours truly, Miss Prudence.

Letters lately received are from A Younger Brother, Grace Cain, Green Mountain Boy, Lissie Pierce, Raoul de Coubert, Ettie, King Henry 2, Ballard Dillon, Lurlie and Little Meg.

CLARENCE AND THE CODE

Clarence had looked forward to the two weeks of holiday time through all the school months. But when Christmas had come, his brother, who was the messenger for the firm of Walwick & Waldon, suddenly became ill. "He'll be on his feet in a week," the doctor said, but in the meantime the poor lad was worrying about his place in the office.

"Can't I take your place?" asked Clarence.

Thus it was arranged and for the two days before New Year's Clarence ran errands and did every thing that was asked of him. Just as the office was being closed the night before New Year's, Mr. Walwick called him and said that he expected to come down town the next morning although the office would be closed and he wished Clarence to be sure and get the mail and place it on his desk and wait for him.

It was quite early when Clarence found his way inside the silent building. He had brought his skates with him, as there was to be a hockey game later and there was to be the family dinner and the usual good time on New Year's afternoon. He carefully put the mail on Mr. Walwick's desk and sat down to wait. The janitor came and swept, but Mr. Walwick did not come. There was still plenty of time before the game, but the clock hands were slowly turning. Finally he picked up a magazine and turned over the pages. The hour when he should be playing came.

The game was on now, he knew. The office was getting chilly and he walked around from room to room. He looked at the clock. The game must have been over for some time and they would be expecting him for dinner.

He was getting cold and hungry. Strange as it was, when he began to give up hope the time seemed to go faster. Finally he curled up on a couch and went to sleep.

Dream after dream tumbled over each other and in the midst of a wonderful hockey game where everybody skated about eating hot goose and cranberries, he heard a bell. He wondered what it could be and before he could ask he awoke with a start. Almost at his ear the telephone bell was ringing.

He jumped and took down the receiver. "Hello!" he shouted.

"Is this Walwick & Waldon?"

"Yes, this is Walwick & Waldon's office."

"Well, I hardly hoped to catch any one. Take down this cablegram and rush it through to Mr. Walwick.

"'Calcutta, India, Jan.2.

"'Spiegel, Hocker & Sons.'

"There, have you got that? All right. Repeat it. All right. Goodbye."

Clarence rubbed his eyes. There was the message writen out, but what a message! It did not mean anything and it was dated a day ahead. He remembered hearing that Mr. Walwick lived in some hotel. He had seen the name some place. Oh, yes, it was on the magazines. There it was The Albero. Like a flash he ran down stairs and jumped on a street car.

In about twenty minutes he reached the hotel and as he stepped in the door he saw Mr. Walwick just entering the dining room. He rushed up to him and Mr. Walwick looked at him in surprise and then remembered his face.

"Yes, what is it?"

"It's a message telephoned in, sir," and he gave over the slip of paper:

Mr. Walwick looked it over and quickly took a book out of his pocket, went to the hotel office and wrote a half a dozen telegrams.

"That was a close shave," he said half aloud and then noticed Clarence at his side.

"How under the sun did you happen to be at the office?"

"You told me to wait, sir, until you came."

Then he told the whole story and when he had finished the head of the great firm of Walwick & Waldon took the messenger boy by the hand just as if he had been a grown man and said:

"My lad, you've saved me a great deal of money, and now I think that I would better take you home in my automobile just as fast as I can. Your mother will be worrying about you."

When they were seated in the big machine and were wrapped in by the heavy robes, Mr. Walwick suddenly asked what the boy had thought by the peculiar message.

"I thought it was very funny, but how could it be dated January 2, when this is New Year's?"

"You will have to ask your school teacher to explain why, but you see the earth turns round the sun and it is the day after New Year's in India now. Each of the queer words in the message means a whole sentence when you look them up in the little book I carry. We call it a code."

When they came to Clarence's house, Mr. Walwick went into the warm parlor and told the story to his mother. Then he took a piece of paper and wrote something on it. "What do you think that means?" he said:

Waw heart wire Clarence Young desk apple.

"I might tell you, sir, if I had the code," said Clarence.

"Well, here is the code book. You and your mother can look it up."

And this was what they read by looking up the words:

"Walwick & Waldon hereby promise to give Clarence Young the best education possible at their expense."

—A. Gordon Ogilvie in The Housekeeper.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Atlanta Physician Is Curing Catarrh by a Simple Home Remedy and will mail a Trial Treatment Free.

Those who have long doubted whether there really is a successful remedy for catarrh will be glad to learn that Dr. Blosser, of Atlanta, Ga., has discovered a method whereby catarrh can be eradicated to the very first symptom.

He will send a free sample by mail to any man or woman suffering with catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, catarrhal deafness, chronic colds, stopped-up feeling in nose and throat, difficult breathing, or any of the many symptoms of catarrh.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is radically different from all others, being simple, harmless, inexpensive and requiring no instrument or apparatus of any kind.

If you wish a demonstration of what this remarkable remedy will do, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and you will receive by return mail a free package and an illustrated booklet. Write before you forget it.

ANOTHER QUAKE FELT

May Be Disaster Equal to That in Sicily and Italy —Shocks Violent.

London, Jan. 23.—The seismographs of the continent and England recorded a severe quake at a few minutes before 4 o'clock this morning.

In some instances the intensity indicated by the needles were nearly as great as that recorded at the time of the Messina disaster. The estimates of distance vary from 2,000 to 3,000 miles to the eastward of the point of record. This would place the location of the disturbance in the Caspian region of beyond, in Asiatic Russia, Northern India, and, swinging to the south the extreme of Abbia and Central Africa.

May Be in Europe.

Strassburg, Germany, Jan. 23.—The seismograph at Untersachsenberg registered an earthquage at 3:45 this morning. The location apparently is within Europe. The concussions were more violent than those recorded at the time of the Messina trouble, and they lasted for twenty minutes.

Felt in Vienna.

Vienna, Jan. 23.—The seismographs at Vienna and Pola, the naval station on the Adriatic, registered very strong earthquake shocks at 4 o'clock this morning.

According to the calculations of experts the scene of the disturbance was about 4,000 miles from here, and if the district was inhabited, the visitation must have been disastrous.

Lasted Nearly Two Hours.

Hamburg, Jan. 23.—The seismograph here registered an earthquake this morning. It is estimated that the activity is 2,300 miles to the eastward. The shock lasted for nearly two hours, and their violence indicates a great catastrophe.

CANNOT LOCATE QUAKE

Scientists Unable to Tell Definitely Where Damage Was Done.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 25.—Although all reports from the various observatories in Russia locate the earthquake, the shocks of which were recorded Saturday somewhere on the Russian side of Pamirs, Turkestan, no direct news has been received that would serve to fix the disturbance in any definite place.

A dispatch from Borshom in Trans-Caucasia, reports the registering there by the seismographic instruments of a distant earthquake.

The Russian Turkestan in the region indicated is sparsely settled, and details of the earthquake there would be very slow in reaching St. Petersburg.

The first direct reports from the scene of the great earthquake at Karatagh, Russian Turkestan, in October, 1907, were received here until three weeks after the occurrence. In that earthquake about seven thousand persons were killed.

Recorded Violent Shock.

Ekatrinburg, Russia, Jan. 25.—The Meteo-Meteorological observatory at this place recorded a violent seismic disturbance yesterday morning.

At Smyrna, Too.

Smyrna, Jan. 25.—A slight earthquake shock was felt here yesterday morning.

NEW DIAMOND QUEEN

Wife of Wealthy Missourian Is the Latest.

Kansas City, Jan. 20.—Mrs. George D. [illegible], wife of a wealthy lumberman, is the new "diamond queen." At a whist party at her home she surprised her guests by offering diamonds as prizes. Mr. Hope's husband owns 19,000 acres in southwestern Arkansas timber land. Many years ago he sold 3,000 acres that had been "cut over" to his wife.

"After I had bought the land," said Mrs. Hope, "I went down to look it over. A railroad switch was being built across the land to my husband's sawmill. I was watching the men work one day when a little negro boy passed by. I noticed that he had a peculiar looking pebble. He found it where the men were making a cut through a hill for the railroad track.

"The boy offered to sell me the stone for a nickel. I offered him a dime for the stone like it that he found. He brought me six more stones. I took the pebbles home and forgot all about them. Two years ago when John W. Hudson, near Murfreesboro, about twenty miles from my land, found diamonds, I got out the pebbles I had bought of the negro boy and had them examined. I sent them to experts in New York City and they said they were diamonds.

"I went back to the railroad cut on my land where the negro boy found the diamonds, and found on the crest of a hill what proved to be a diamond mine."

HEARST WILL NOT PAY

New York, Jan. 21.—Through his counsel before the appellate division of the supreme court, Senator Thomas C. Platt yesterday disclaimed all responsibility for personal debts contracted by his wife, Mrs. Lillian Janeway Platt, from whom he separated in 1906, and sought to have reversed a judgment of the lower courts which condemned him to pay an assignee $1.60 as part of such debts.

SAVED FROM GALLOWS

Governor Deneen Changes the Death Penalty to Life Imprisonment.

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 23.—Governor Charles Deneen last night commuted to life imprisonment the sentence of death which had been pronounced on Herman Billek, of Chicago, condemned to be hanged for the murder of Mary Vrzal, whom he poisoned with other members of the family, it was charged.

The commutation is made on recommendation of the state board of pardons, after the supreme court had refused to interfere, saying that the record showed no reversible error and affirming the judgment of the criminal court of Cook county.

Board's Statement.

The state board of pardons, in making the recommendation to Gov. Deneen for commutation of sentence, says that after the final action of the supreme court Jerry Vrzal, brother of Mary Vrzal and one of the principal witnesses for the state at the trial of Billek, appeared before the state board of pardons at the hearing of the petition for Billek's pardon and swore that all of his testimony was false except in some unimportant facts.

The state board of pardons is of the opinion that, owing to the statement of the jurors that they were influenced to inflict the death penalty by the testimony of Jerry Vrzal as to certain facts which were not testified by other witnesses, the jury would not have inflicted the death penalty if Jerry Vrzal's testimony had been eliminated during the trial instead of afterwards.

Trial Judge Favorable.

The trial judge, in a communication to the state board of pardons, recommends commutation of the sentence, saying that the enforcement of the death penalty under the circumstances of Jerry Vrzal's recanting his testimony at the trial would not, in his judgment, meet with general approbation.

Governor Deneen several months ago granted Billek a reprieve until the supreme court could review the case.

Last month Lieut. Gov. Sherman granted Billek another reprieve until January 29.

MRS. GOULD FRIENDLY

No Misconduct Noticed by Miss Robson.

New York, Jan. 22.—Another deposition in the case of Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould, who is suing Howard Gould for a separation on the ground of cruelty and non-support, was filed yesterday. It was that of May Robson, the actress and was taken before a referee.

Miss Robson deposed that she had known Mrs. Gould for five or six years and had been her guest at Castle Gould and at several luncheons. While in Philadelphia, in October, 1906, she had attended a supper at the Bellevue-Stratford hotel given by Mrs. Gould.

"Next day," she said, "our party including Farnum, motored down to Atlantic City. Mrs. Gould had a headache and stayed in her rooms, while she went out on the board walk. That night we all dined in Mrs. Gould's rooms.

"Did you witness and misconduct on the part of Mrs. Gould with Dustin Farnum on any of these occasions?" asked Clarence J. Shearn, counsel for Mrs. Gould.

"Why," replied Miss Robson, "I saw absolutely nothing that was not ladylike and correct in every detail. They were just friendly."

Miss Robson was asked if she had ever seen Mrs. Gould intoxicated, and she replied in the negative.

MAKES SATAN SMILE

Fair Babblers Encourage Him, Says Pastor.

South Norwalk, Conn., Jan. 20—"Woman commenced to babble in the garden of Eden and she has babbled down through the ages from that day to this," said the Rev. Hugh B. Carpenter, when preaching to a club of young women called "The Silent Seven."

"Nothing will send the devil back to the Satanic regions, to die and rot, like silence, but the gentler sex is not pushing his migration very hard."

A few months ago Dr. Carpenter had occasion to rebuke a number of young women from the pulpit for whispering during service. They banded themselves together in a club termed "The Silent Seven." They sewed for charity, and their sessions were mum affairs with fines for talking, the money going to charity.

The Doctor commended them on their club, and expressed a wish that they would form the church into a "Silent Four Hundred."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA ILL

But Reports of Serious Sickness Are Denied.

Sandringham, England, Jan. 23.—The reports that Queen Alexandra was seriously ill and had been confined to her bed for a week are denied. For several days past her majesty has been suffering from a slight cold, which, however, did not even confine her to her room. She has practically recovered, and she expects to join King Edward at Windsor early next week.

Her majesty has been detained at Sandringham, not so much on her own account, as that of Princess Victoria, who is suffering from a serious cold.

Reports published in London say the queen is in a serious condition, and that she is constantly attended by two physicians.

STORY OF COLLISION

James B. Connolly, Writer of Sea Tales, Gives Thrilling Story of Collision in Atlantic.

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On board the steamship Baltic, via Sandy Hook, N. J., Monday, Jan. 25.—It was about twenty minutes to six o'clock Saturday in a black fog, about one hundred and ninety miles out from New York and fifteen miles south of Nantucket, that the Italian emigrant ship the Florida, of Naples, inbound, and the Republic, outbound, came together.

The bow of the Florida struck the side of the Republic aft of the midship section and kept on grinding toward the stern when she at last cleared five state rooms on the saloon deck of the Republic and two on the deck below were ripped out.

The rooms on the lower deck which were against the ship's side, were torn out by the flukes of the Florida's anchor which finally was wrenches off the bow, and found later in one of the wrecked staterooms.

Cut Through Deck.

The rooms of the saloon deck were all inboard, protected by a ten-foot width of deck, and yet the bow of the Florida cut through that deck and splintered everything, bunks, wash basins, trunks, mirrors, and left everything in them a mess and the rooms gaping into outer world.

Mrs. Lynch, in stateroom No. 34, and Mr. Mooney in No. 28 were killed almost instantly, cut into pieces by the jagged bow. Mr. Lynch, husband of the dead woman, had his leg broken while in the end of the room. Mrs. Murphy, wife of a South Dakota banker, was badly smashed up, but will live.

Neither Mrs. Mooney, in a bunk beneath her husband, nor Murphy, in a bunk above his wife, were injured. The plates of the Republic were started below the water line, and so the engine room filled almost immediately.

Panic Threatened.

In six minutes or so the electric lights went out, which made matters bad for a while, threatening to bring on a panic, with men and women, lightly clad, flying around dark passage ways. The ship brought no emergency lanterns into service and only for frequent match sputterings by passengers and a few candle ends produced by the stewards, nobody could see anything until daylight came.

The Florida, which had her bow mashed in flat to the forward bunks, looked worse than the Republic.

Three Italian sailors sleeping in the forecastle were plastered like so much clay against the steel wall and two more were injured. After two hours boats were cleared away and the passengers taken to the Florida which stood by. There was some trouble in disembarking, but all were brought over safely. The sea was smooth and the air not cold. Passengers remained on board the Florida until eleven o'clock at night and then were transfered to the Baltic which had come on the scene at seven o'clock.

Not Made Clear.

Why the Baltic did not take the passengers off sooner is not made clear. It took all night in the fog and rain to get off the Republic passengers and the crew and the Florida's immigrants, of which there were 850—or 1,500 all told—transported to the Baltic. Many women, possibly fifty in all, collapsed or fainted on reaching the Batic's deck. Several boats were allowed to knock around in the sea for half or three-quarters of an hour before the Baltic was made ready to receive them.

One woman went between the boat and the ship's side, losing her bag of jewels, but was herself hauled on in safety. Quite a small sea was on during part of the time of the transfer, with rain and fog.

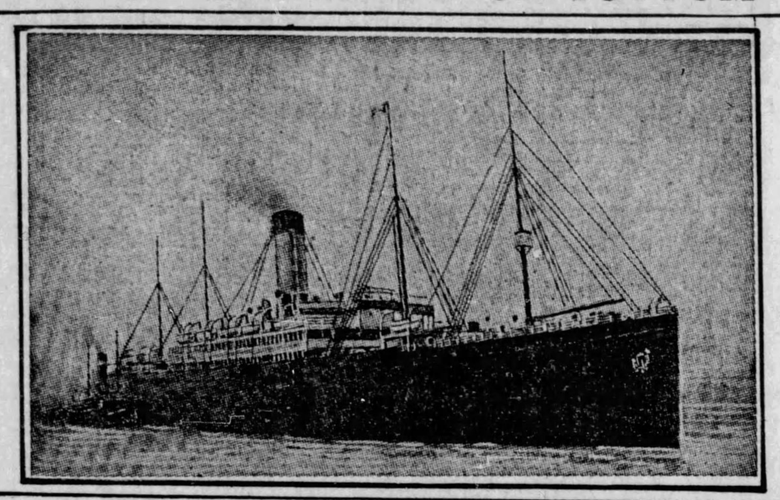
Earlier in the evening, while the Baltic was lying by, the sea was smooth and the sky clear. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting competent men to man the boats, and there was much delay and some risk to passengers in the transfer, which was not completed till daylight.

All Behaved Well.

The passengers generally behaved well, and of the Florida's 850 immigrants all behaved splendidly. The passengers are in good condition now. A few are worn out wih anxiety, but nobody really is to be feared for. Captain Ranson and Purser Palmer flatly refused to allow any press message whatever to be sent regarding the collision.

Mr. Lynch, with a broken leg remains on the Florida, the pain of removal being too great. Passengers baggage was left on the Republic. Barring a general mourning for best clothes, everybody is in good spirits as the ship nears New York. The passengers generally behaved well. Both ships were in luck to have the accident in a smooth sea, and on a remarkably mild day for this time of the year. Also it was good to have that wireless at hand otherwise it would have been a terrible calamity.

OCEAN LINER NOW ON BOTTOM



THE WHITE STAR STEAMER REPUBLIC.

The Republic, which was rammed early Saturday morning by the steamer Florida, now lies on the ocean bed off No Man's Land. Six persons were killed and two injured in the collision, and the Florida was also badly damaged.

CLAIMS OF 1812 VETS

Movement Begun to Get Compensation From Government Long Due.

Ft. Wayne, Ind., Jan. 22.—That there are many heirs of the veterans of the War of 1812 holding certificates entitling them to compensation from New York state and the Federal government is the claim made by G. D. Adams, 1211 Fairfield avenue, this city, who has issued a call through the press of the country to heirs of veterans, whether they hold certificates or not, to communicate with him in a movement to obtain their just compensation from the authorities.

"A united effort is being made," says Mr. Adams, "by the heirs holding certificates, to press upon congress the justice of their claims. The matter has been referred to the Governor of New York who is expected to appoint Hon. Martin O'Brien, of Plattsburg, N. Y., and Dr. Appleton Morgan, of New York city, as a commission to present the claims of the state upon the federal government in the matter of redeeming the script of the state which was issued shortly after the war, and again asking that there be an appropriation made to pay the state of New York such sums as are due, that the certificates now outstanding may be paid to the survivors and the heirs of those dead. No question has been raised as to the justice of these claims, but the delay has been caused by failure of the state to secure only from the federal government sufficient sums from time to time to pay the surviving soldiers residing in the state, who, by law were to be first paid. There is now supposed to be a large number of surviving heirs of the soldiers of 1812 living outside the state of New York, who can be reached only through the medium of the press. If those holding certificates or not will communicate (enclosing stamp) with me they will hear something to their advantage.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

EXPLOSION KILLS 4

Detonation Shook Country for Miles Around.

Newark, N. J., Jan 21.—Four men were killed and ten others injured, one fatally, when several tons of dynamite in one of the buildings of the Forcite Powder Works at Lake Hopatcong blew up late yesterday.

The detonation of the huge mass of explosives shook the country for miles around and blew the building containing it to atoms. Of the fourteen men working in it not one escaped death or injury. The dead: Louis Barth, 50, of Ledgerwood; Charles Henderson, 30, Netcong; Joseph Sestak, 23, Hopatcong Landing; Stephen Gladdes, 28, Netcong.

Some Curious Wills.

London Tit-Bits.

The Irish gentleman who has left £1,000 to a religious house on condition that his wife enters it and spends the rest of her life in prayer is another example of the quaint methods by which the dead sometimes endeavor to control the living.

It was a blunt farmer who drew up his will leaving £100 to his widow. When the lawyer reminded him that some distinction should be made in case the lady married again, he doubled the sum, with the remark that "him as gets her'll deserve it."

It was a wealthy German who, fifteen years ago, bequeathed his property to his six nephews and six nieces, on the sole condition that each of the nephews maried a woman named Antoine and each niece married a man named Anton. The firstborn of each marriage was to be named Anton or Antoine, according to sex. Each marriage was also to take place on one of St. Anthony's days. What happened to the nephews and nieces is "worpt in misery" in the office of the German registrar general.

WANTS BOUNTY ON HEADS OF RATTLERS.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 21.—Senator Robert Quigley yesterday introduced a bill placing a bounty of 50 cents a head on every rattlesnake killed in Iowa.

The bill follows the serious illness of former Senator Byron Newbury, whose poisoning by the bite of a rattlesnake last summer made it impossible for him to take an active part in last fall's campaign, thus causing his defeat. It is asserted that the hills along the Mississippi river teem with rattlesnakes, which have multiplied so rapidly as to imperil the lives of residents there.

ASIATIC TURKEY SHAKEN

Six Hundred Homes Are Destroyed by Shocks Near Smyrna.

Constantinople, Jan. 21.—An official dispatch reports that more than 600 houses were destroyed by the earthquake yesterday at Phocaea, near Smyrna, a city of 200,000, in Asiatic Turkey.

The shocks continue, and the people are seeking refuge in the mountains.

The minister of the interior has been dispatched to render assistance to the sufferers.

Damage in Philippines.

Manila, Jan. 21.—A dispatch from Lucena, in the Tayabas province, confirms the reports of a volcanic disturbance there, and states the greater damage was done in the fields under cultivation.

The roads and bridges in the neighborhood of Sariaya were destroyed. The damage was done by the inundation which followed the outbreak of the volcano of Lagnas, and was caused by an explosion which let loose the waters of a mountain lake.

The explosion in Lagna's volcano were very severe between 8 and 9 o'clock Wednesday night.

200,000 Homeless.

Rome, Jan. 21.—Italy is confronted with a grave problem in caring for the 200,000 persons made homeless by the earthquake of last month in Sicily and Calabria, and who have dispersed not only to the interior of their native provinces, but have gone in great numbers to Naples and other of the large cities of the country.

At present, it is estimated, it is costing $100,000 a day to meet the simplest necessities of the poor, a sum which neither international charity nor the state can long continue to bear. Furthermore, the bestowal of charity is having an ill effect upon the lower classes, and many disorders are reported to result.

CLOUDBURST KILLS

Part of Angel's Camp, Cal., Is Under Water.

Stockton, Cal., Jan. 21.—At Angel's Camp last night, a cloudburst washed out nine houses, killed one Chinaman and left that part of the town under water.

At Farmington the water is higher than before the big flood of two years ago.

The water is very high and rising at Linden. The San Joaquin is rising over an inch an hour. Nearly two inches of rain fell here last night.

Croker Catches First Shark.

Palm Beach Dispatch to New York Times.

To Richard Croker goes the honor of the first shark caught this season. It was a handsome specimen of the hammerhead variety and measured 9 feet. Mr. Croker, who plays a splendid game of golf, defeated Andrew Freedman in an 18-hole match on the course which has just been completed.

DEATH LIST GROWS

Chicago Crib Fire Horror Grows as Investigation Is Made.

Chicago, Jan. 21.—That the death list may reach 100 as result of the crib tragedy yesterday, was the fear expressed today by Joseph D'Andrea, president of the Sewer and Tunnel Miners' association.

Possibility that the list of dead may reach sixty-six was expressed by Coroner Hoffman.

"I am told," said President D'Andrea, "that there were about 175 men working at the crib when the fire started. If this proves true the number of dead will easily reach 100. Many of the men who are missing are undoubtedly at the bottom of the lake and their bodies will probably never be recovered. Our organization will make an investigation."

There are forty-seven bodies at the morgue, which corresponds with the number of "missing by the Jackson company.

But the company's pay roll was incomplete, and inquiries have been received for nineteen men whose names were not on the pay roll, but who were said by relatives to have been working at the crib by the day.

In the Hospitals.

Of the thirty-nine injured who were rescued yesterday, fifteen remained at hospitals today. Of these the condition of five was said to be critical.

Efforts are still being made to ascertain whether any workmen are alive in the shaft beneath the crib, a mile and a half out in the lake.

Shortly after the fire, which burned the temporary crib structure and compelled the workmen, who were not entrapped in the flames, either to jump into the lake or to try to float on blocks of ice, it was discovered that the smoke had descended into the shaft and had actually suffocated several men, but the hope was still sustained today that the smoke perhaps did not penetrate far into the shaft. All the air pumps were kept working and it was believed that some men would be found still living.

Death List Not Complete.

George W. Jackson, of the construction company which built the crib, today informed the coroner it would be impossible for several days to give a complete list of the dead. Many of the workmen had the choice of remaining at the crib and of having their food furnished by the company instead of going home every night. Whether many of the men were taking advantage of this arrangement at the time of the fire can only be learned by application to their homes.

As it will be impossible to identify more than a few of the dead a single funeral will be held for all of them. The interment will be at the same cemetery and a single tombstone commemorating the tragedy will serve for all.

Started in Powder House.

As nearly as the investigators have been able to ascertain the explosion had its origin in a powder house of small dimensions, situated about one hundred yards from the crib structure proper, but at the same time being a part of the general structure built on foundations resting on the bottom of the lake at this point.

In this outhouse the George W. Jackson company stored from time to time just enough powder and dynamite for urgent use in the work of construction of the water tunnel, and in some manner, not yet known, the explosives were put into action.

After several hours of heroic work on the part of the rescuers, 39 workmen were rescued. When the fire tug Conway and its crew had finally quenched the flames, 53 bodies had been carried to the shore, and placed in morgues in South Chicago.

Rife with Sorrow.

The scenes on shore and in the morgues in South Chicago and Grand Crossing were rife with sorrow and desolation. Women wearing scant attire offered fabulous prices to owners of small boats to be taken to the crib. As each boat load of victims was carried ashore by the police and transferred to waiting ambulances, force became necessary to keep relatives of the workmen from attempting the task there and then of identification.

BIG GALVESTON FIRE

Lantern Explodes, Resulting in Damage to Wharves.

Galveston, Tex., Jan. 23.—Originating with the explosion of a lantern of a watchman on pier 12, the most extensive wharf fire in the history of this port burned for three hours last night, practically burning itself out shortly before midnight after destroying the entire wharf and wharf sheds, entailing a loss estimated at $425,000. The wharf and wharf sheds were valued at $60,000, fully covered by insurance.

SWALLOWED 100 PINS

Doctor Says New York Girl Will Live.

New York, Jan. 21.—Florence Smith, the fifteen-year-old school girl of Patchogue, L. I., who swallowed 100 pins last Friday, will recover. This was the cheering news given to the girl's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, by Dr. Wallace Willis, who has been attending Florence. All the doctors who have served in the case consider her recovery remarkable.

The girl had a strong disinclination to go to school, so she swallowed the bright, new pins one by one, putting them on her tongue and washing them down with water. The pins perforated the intestines.

REPUBLIC AT BOTTOM

White Star Liner Sinks in 150 Feet of Water and May Never Be Raised.

NOTABLE OCEAN DISASTERS IN RECENT YEARS.

Year.	Steamship.	Lives Lost.
1890	Shanghai, burned	300
1891	Utorsia, collision	563
1892	Nanchow, foundered	509
1893	Warship Victoria, collision	360
1894	Horn Head, sunk by iceberg	62
1895	Chicora, vanished in Lake Michigan	26
1895	Warship Reina Regina, collision	400
1895	Colima, wrecked	171
1896	Copernicus, sunk	152
1897	Kapunda, foundered	300
1898	La Bourgoyne, collision	540
1904	Gen. Slocum, burned	958
1904	Norge, wrecked on reef	750
1905	Hilda, sunk	123
1906	Valencia, foundered	119
1906	Sirio, foundered	225
1906	Brazilian Cruiser Aquidaban, sunk	212
1907	Larchmont, lost	185
1907	Hong Kong, strikes rock	130
1907	Berlin, wrecked	125
1907	Lakota, struck a reef	unknown
1908	Sardinia, burned	100
1908	Pontag, wrecked near Manila	100
1908	Soo City, foundered off Newfoundland, crew lost	

New York, Jan. 25.—The dramatic sea story of the wrecking and sinking of the White Star liner Republic by the steamer Florida of the Lloyd-Italia line, in which six lives were lost and four people injured, came to a close today when the big steamship Baltic, of the White Star line came into port, bearing on board more than 1,600 passengers of the sunken Republic and the crippled Florida.

Stories told by the Republic's passengers show that the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came perilously near resulting in a riot of the 500 steerage passengers on the Florida, who believed that their vessel was in imminent danger of sinking.

Only the efforts of the officers aided by several of the Republic's passengers quieted the frightened men, who sought to be the first to board the life boats.

The Victims.

The officers of the Baltic report the deaths of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, N. D., together with four negro sailors whose names are not known. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were placed in hemetically sealed caskets which sank with the steamer Republic off Nantucket.

The Republic went down in more than 150 feet of water and is a total loss as no attempt will be made to raise the ship.

Republic Crew Rescued.

Despite valiant efforts on the part of half a dozen other vessels to save her, the Republic sank at 8:30 last night off No Man's Land, near Martha's Vineyard, while the Gresham, a revenue cutter, and the Seneca, a derelict destroyer, were towing her to New York, and the Furnessia, of the Anchor line, was steering her aft.

The Republic had been towed a short distance by the Gresham, the Seneca, which had arrived at the scene late in the day, also assisted in the work of towing. Suddenly the Republic, which was already low in the water, was seen to be settling still more, and rapid work on the part of the boat crew of the Gresham was necessary to get the Republic's crew away from the vessel.

Both the Gresham and the Seneca proceeded toward Gay Head after the Republic went down.

On Board Cutter.

Menemsha Light, Island of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., Jan. 25.—Captain Sealby and 50 members of the crew of the Republic were transferred from the United States revenue cutter Gresham to the derelict destroyer Seneca off Vineyard sound lightship at 8 a. m. today and an hour later the Seneca started for New York.

The captain of the Gresham stated that the Republic sank last night nine miles south by east of Nantucket lightship, in about 40 fathoms of water.

None of the officers or crew was injured. It is expected the Seneca will reach New York tonight.

Remarkable Mishap.

The ramming of the Republic by the Florida has been followed by a series of events constituting one of the most remarkable ocean mishaps on record.

No less than seven ocean liners—the Baltic, New York, Aurenessia, Lorraine and Lucania, and the two crippled ships, Florida and Republic—figuring in the stirring story. The 442 passengers and some members of the crew of the Republic have undergone two transfers on the open sea, first to the crippled Florida on Saturday morning, and again early today to the more commodious Baltic, which brought also the 900 or more passengers from the disabled Florida. With this great human cargo of rescued persons, the Baltic has her own list of 930 passengers.

Where Ship Was Struck.

As a result of the news that two passengers were killed and two injured and their identity established, the White Star officials were enabled to figure for the first time just where the Republic was struck.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, occupied stateroom No. 34 on the port side of the saloon deck just aft of amidships; Mr. and Mrs. Mooney the adjoining stateroom, No. 32, and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy stateroom No. 28. Stateroom No. 30 was occupied by Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York.

That the killed and injured were all in this group of persons showed that the Republic had been struck by the Florida on the port or left hand side, and would seem to indicate that the Florida, which had strayed in the fog some thirty miles from her regular course, was crossing the path of the outward bound steamers in an endeavor to reach the inward bound lane.

Two Transfers.

Never in the annals of sea lore, as far as known here, have so many persons been transferred on the high seas as in this Nantucket sea drama. Seven hundred persons, in round numbers, were transferred from the Republic to the Florida, and then 1,650 from the last named vessel to the Baltic. That this transfer of nearly 2,500 persons was effected without the loss of a single life is considered a marvelous performance, though the fortunate occurrence of a placid sea and mild, almost springlike weather, was an important factor in this work.

LITTLE PANIC ON VESSEL

Spokane Man Tells Interesting Story of the Collision.

New York, Jan. 25.—H. J. Hover, of Spokane, Washington, who was on the Republic when the collision with the Florida occurred, relates an interesting story of the disaster. While on board the Baltic this morning he talked with reporters on a dispatch boat.

Through the megaphone Mr. Hover described the transfer of the passengers from the Republic and later from the Florida to the Baltic. The transfer of scantily dressed and frightened men and women from the Florida lasted twelve hours beginning at 8 o'clock on Saturday night and ending at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. During the night the searchlight of the Baltic illuminated the sea, making a weird picture as boatload after boatload were safely gotten on board the Baltic. Two of the Republic passengers tumbled into the sea while being placed in a boat, but were promptly rescued.

Mr. Hover said that there was very little panic aboard the Republic, although many came on deck in their night clothes, and that the discipline of the crew was perfect.

DREADFUL DANDRUFF

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Missionary's Wife Made

PERFECT CURES BY CUTICURA

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

$1200 to $3000 a Year At Home or Traveling

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere.

He is now teaching his marvelously successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Colt Breaking opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles.

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay $25 to $50 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits—to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

If you love travel, here is a chance to see the world, giving exhibitions and making large profits. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to get into the Horse-Training profession.

Write and Prof. Beery will send you full particulars and handsome book about horses—FREE. Address Prof. Jesse Beery. Box 35, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

173 ARE DEAD

Heavy Rains the Cause of Flood and Disaster in Transvaal Gold Mine.

Johannesburg, Transvaal, Jan. 22.—Ten white men and 150 natives were drowned today in the Witwatersrand gold mine, which became flooded by the bursting of Knight's dam. Heavy rains caused the dam to give way.

Storms in California.

San Francisco, Jan. 22.—With railroad traffic virtually suspended on some lines, train schedules badly demoralized on other roads, telegraph and telephone wires prostrated and communications only fitfully maintained in some sections of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, California has, within the last 24 hours experienced one of the worst storms in a quarter of a century, covering an area that extends from the Oregon coast to San Diego.

At various places the rain reached the proportions of a cloudburst and was accompanied by a serious gale.

Spokane Isolated.

Portland, Ore., Jan. 22.—Isolation of Spokane from both Portland and Puget Sound is complete as the result of the storm. All railroad communication with that city was cut off when slides and washouts on the Great Northern between Spokane and Leavenworth blocked that road.

The Oregon Railway & Navigation company's line cannot move a train west of Colfax on the Washington division, while the floods have put the Northern Pacific east of Pasco out of commission. The total damage so far will run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The water from the dam flooded also the lower sections of the town of Elsburg. A number of houses were swept away and thirteen persons were drowned.

MRS. LEAVITT ASKS DIVORCE

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 22.—Ruth Bryan Leavitt, daughter of William J. Bryan, today filed suit for divorce from William H. Leavitt. The petition was immediately withdrawn.

T. S. Allen, brother-in-law of Mr. Bryan, is the attorney for the plaintiff. Leavitt is now in Paris.

MESSINA FIRE SWEPT

Messina, Jan. 20.—Messina was swept by fire again yesterday. For many hours soldiers and sailors worked heroically to keep the flames from destroying the last remnant of the town, and eventually they succeeded in getting the fire under control. The extent of the damage cannot be estimated because doubtless much of great value was burned up in the ruins.

The survivors of the earthquake have been rendered more helpless by the intensity of the cold. The hills all about are white with snow and the refugees are suffering greatly.

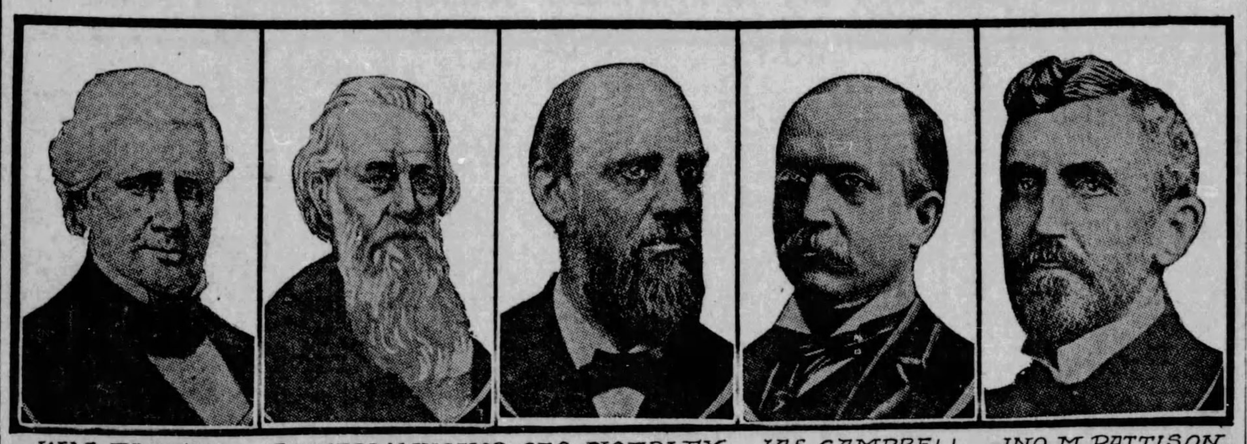
Invest $10; Earn $180

That's what's open to investors in Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation stock after the first dredge.

The Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation owns outright eleven mines with 384 claims, valued at $92,000,000 in the richest mining section of the world. You can become a partner in this wonderful money making corporation by investing in ten shares ($1.00 a share, full paid and non-assessable.) After the first dredging year you will begin to draw dividends every 3 months and are bound to make $180 on your "ten dollar bill." We've a booklet, "A Different Kind of a Gold Mining Proposition," that proves it. Free copies mailed on request. It also tells about the free stock now being given away as bonuses. Don't delay. Write at once for full particulars.

PERUVIAN Gold Mining Corporation
624 Gardner Bldg.,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Former Ohio Democratic Governors of the Last Half Century



WM. ALLEN 1874–76 | RICHARD M. BISHOP 1878–80 | GEO. HOADLEY. 1884–86 | JAS. CAMPBELL 1890–92 | JNO. M. PATTISON. 1906

Since the birth of the Republican party in 1856, there have been only six Democratic governors of Ohio. None of these has served more than one term. The principles of the Republican party took firm root in the Buckeye state during the anti-slavery days preceding the Civil war, and, with occasional reverse, it has been the dominant party since.

Twice within the fifty-three years of its existence the Republican party has had control of the state government for long periods. For the first eighteen years following the election of its first candidate for governor, in 1856, the Republicans had uninterrupted sway, and again during the seventeen years following the retirement of James E. Campbell, in 1892, the chief magistracy of the commonwealth passed out of their hands only during the few months which the late Governor John M. Pattison lived after his inauguration.

The six Democratic governors elected by the people of Ohio in more than half a century are William Allen, 1874-76; Richard M. Bishop, 1876-80; George Hoadley, 1884-86; James E. Campbell, 1890-92; John M. Pattison, 1906; Judson Harmon, 1909.

Robert Lucas, for whom Lucas county was named, is the first governor of Ohio who was given the designation of Democrat. He served from 1833 to 1836. In the twenty years between the end of his term and the ascendancy of of the Republican party, the Democrats furnished three governors, serving in all ten years, and the Whigs controlled the office from 1836 to 1838, and again from 1840 to 18850, except 1842-44, when Wilson Shannon, who had been governor for two years following Lucas, was again elected. The Democrats again came into power in 18850, and remained in until overthrown by the rising tide of Republicanism in 1856.

500 To Be Given Away Free

Catarrh Treatments

You are troubled with that loathseme and dangerous disease, Catarrh. You have longed for relief. You have wanted to be rid of the hawking, spitting, the foul breath, the constant annoying discharge from the nose, the disgusting dropping of mucus into the throat. You have been told a cure was impossible. You have tried doctors and various methods only to meet with failure.

I come to tell you that CATARRH CAN BE CURED. Right in your own home by means of an easy, painless, unfailing method, you may be cured. You can rid yourself of all the discomforts, the annoyances, the loathsomeness of Catarrh. The disease is all of these things, as you will learn by sad experience, if you have not already done so. It always has a small beginning, but it encroaches, steadily, persistently, relentlessly, until the vital organs of the body are attached, and you face pain, lingering torture and death.

I have cured thousands. I can cure you if you come to me before it is too late.

I have decided to distribute 500 free treatments **absolutely without charge**, to Catarrh sufferers. I want you to see my method, know what I have done for others. My life has been spent in the study of CATARRH, its Causes and Cure. Now I offer to share with you my experience and knowledge of the subject. I have been successful. I want YOU to profit by my success by taking advantage of my offer—a free treatment for Catarrh, gladly given to sufferers from the disease.

Don't delay. Write immediately. A post-card, with your address upon it, sent off NOW will secure one of the free treatments. An envelope containing your address put in this mail will bring you what you have longed for, but despaired of—a cure for Catarrh. Tomorrow may be too late. Be one of the fortunate people to get one of these free treatments for Catarrh. Write right now.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston.

SCORE CAUGHT IN MINE

Two Known Dead and 20 Others May Have Been Killed in Three Explosions.

Pittsburg, Jan. 26.—Two men are dead and 20 others supposed to be dead as the result of three gas explosions in the Boswell mine of the United Coal company, Somerset county, last night and early today.

The men were members of an investigating party that had entered the mine to make an inspection of suspicious gas traces before allowing the miners to go to work. The dead are:

Superintendent J. G. Logan.
Andrew Stoncki.

Among the supposed dead are:

Assistant Superintendent George Morris.
John Cole.
William Hays.
Seventeen other men.

Signals Ceased.

Until early today signals were heard from the imprisoned men. At daylight, however, the signals ceased and it is believed that all the men had come under the influence of the deadly afterdamp.

About 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, a small explosion occurred in the mine and as a result of this and other conditions that needed attention, it was decided to make a thorough inspection of the underground workings and entries. This was in charge of Superintendent Logan and 21 men volunteered for the dangerous work.

They entered the mine shortly after 5 o'clock and while they were in the mine, a second and third explosion occurred, about 6 o'clock. These explosions had the effect of tearing down great quantities of coal, slate and rock in the interior, completely preventing the men from reaching the outside.

Rescue Party Formed.

State Mine Inspector Lowther, of Somerset, was soon at the scene and from the miners who had not been allowed to go to work until the investigating party returned, rescuing shifts were quickly formed.

TURMOIL IN FRANCE

Second Execution Causes More Trouble.

Carpentras, France, Jan. 26.—The second execution in France under the revival of the law of capital punishment took place here today. Although the scenes accompanying it were less regrettable than those attending the quadruple execution at Bethune January 11, they were distinctly unpleasant and undoubtedly will hasten parliamentary action towards making future executions private.

20,640,000 HORSES

Total Value in United States $1,974,052,000.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Horses in the United States numberted 20,640,000 and were valued at $1,974,052,000, an average of $95.64 per head on January 1 last, according to a report issued by the department of agriculture yesterday.

BLAME SEAMAN

Panic Stricken Sailor on the Florida Said to Have Caused Saturday's Accident.

New York, Jan. 26.—With the arrival in oprt of all of the passengers of the ocean liners Florida and Republic, which collided Saturday, comes the story of a seaman's recreancy in time of danger and the commander's instant punishment of the panic-stricken wheelsman who was responsible for the collision.

According to stories told by passengers on the Florida, the steamer which rammed the other, something went wrong on the bridge when the crash was imminent. Some say that a quartermaster was at the steering wheel when the commander yelled to him to jam to starboard. He put into port instead, and the liners smashed into each other. Others say that the wheelman dropped the wheel in panic when danger impended.

Felled With Spike.

Whichever version is correct, all agree in declaring that the commander of the Florida felled the quartermaster with an iron spike. Several injured men are aboard the Florida, but which one of these is the victim of the commander's spike is yet to be learned.

Eugene Lynch, of Boston, who was injured in the collision, died today, swelling the death list to seven.

Given Demonstration.

Captain Sealby and his officers and most of the crew of the wrecked steamship Republic were given a remarkable demonstration today when they landed at the pier of the White Star line from the revenue cutter Manhattan, which transferred them from the revenue cutter Seneca. Officers and seamen alike made a rush for Captain Sealby and lifting him to their shoulders carried him the whole length of the dock to the street while the crowd yelled themselves hoarse and stewards on the steamship blew trumpets. Behind the captain the crowd carried aloft the brave Binns, the wireless traph operator. Captain Sealby was carried from the street to the offices of the steamship company on the second floor of the pier, where only on his earnest protest would the crowd cease its demonstration.

Dramatic Narrative.

Few marine stories in recent years of marvelous escapes from the sea equal in dramatic intensity the narrative that Captain Sealby told today of the escape of Second Officer Williams and himself from the Republic. The captain would not talk of the collision with the steamer Florida. Captain Sealby said:

"It was about 8 o'clock Sunday night, when the Republic was sinking and only myself and Williams were on the bridge. There was a rumbling and cracking at the after end of the boat. The stern was settling very rapidly and the sea was pretty bad. Then I said to Williams: 'Well, what do you think about it, Williams?' and Williams answered: 'I don't think it will be a long race. Let's sprint for it. When you are ready let her go.' I looked aft again and saw how fast she was going, and I told Williams to burn blue light. Then I fired my revolver five times to let the boats around me know that we were going off. Turning to Williams I said: 'Let us take to the forward rigging' and we ran from the bridge to the saloon deck burning our blue lights as we went, and carrying an ordinary lantern.

Water Coming in.

"When we got to the saloon decks the water was coming in a little aft of where we stood. As we ran forward, the stern was sinking so rapidly that the incline was so steep that when we got to the fore rigging, we started to slip back and cohld hardly keep on deck. The last I saw of Williams, he had crossed the port rail and was hanging over the side. I took to the rigging, and went up as high as the mast lights, a distance of many feet. I rested there, and took out a blue light. It was wet and would not go off, and I then fired the last shot from my revolver. The water had now caught to me, coming up under my great coat, and I floated. The revolver and my binocular held my coat down, acting as a sort of ballast. At this time the water was a roaring, seething mass all about me.

"I was caught in a whirlpool for some time, and I was churned around until I came to the surface. I tried to pull off my coat, but couldn't. There was considerable debris about me, and I managed to catch hold of some broken spars. Then I caught a large hatch covering, and I pulled myself out on the hatch and lay on it spread-eagle fashion.

Fired Revolver Again.

"The searchlights had been playing on the ship and were now playing on the spot where she went down. It seemed an interminable time until they did see me, but I managed to load my revolver again and fired it to attract their attention. The bullets had been greased, and that kept them dry.

"I was getting weak, cold and numb. I just lay on the hatch and saved strength until the last, shouting at intervals. Then, when the lights played on me, I waved a towel which I had found floating near me, and shortly after the boats from the revenue cutter Gresham picked me up and carried me aboard. I found Williams in that little lifeboat. I thought I had seen the last of him."

MORE WAR PENSIONS

New Bill Would Benefit 20,000 Widows.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Widows of deceased soldiers and sailors of the civil war in instances where the marriages occured after June 27, 1890, may be pensioned under the provisions of a bill favorably reported to the senate today.

Under existing law widows of soldiers and sailors of the civil war are not pensionable unless their marriages took place prior to the date mentioned.

It is estimated by the pension bureau that there are about 15,000 or 20,000 women who would be benefited by the passage of this law.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help in medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

PROSPEROUS TIMES

"Dry" Towns Can Learn Most Profitable Lesson From Washington C. H.

Washington C. H., Jan. 25.—There is, perhaps, no official in Ohio better qualified to speak of the effects of the loss of the saloon tax upon a municipality than City Auditor James J. Flynn, of this city, nor is there any whose opinion should have more weight as to how city authorities should proceed after the saloons have been voted out.

This city has sustained the loss from the tax of 23 saloons, which were voted out four years ago, and yet the municipal taxes have been reduced three times since that time, and the finances of the city were never so good as at present, while the salaries of city officials are larger than they ever were and city improvements and repairs have been going on right along. The bonded indebtedness of the city is virtually the same as when the city was wet, and it has not been necessary to issue bonds to pay delinquent water and light rents as was done the year before the city went dry.

As a large number of the municipalities of the state are "up in the air," so to speak, because by recent elections their respective cities and towns have become dry and they are now compelled to meet financial conditions without the aid of the saloon tax, the writer called upon Auditor Flynn to ascertain from him how the city finances of Washington C. H. have been so successfully managed that the city is now enabled to make a showing which has never, so far as is known, been excelled.

Simple Business Problem.

Auditor Flynn takes the position that the problem is simply one of business. He says it is the history of municipalities that they will spend all the money they can get their hands on, and if they do not go to the secure as much as they are accustomed to they must arrange expenditures accordingly.

"All the obligations of the city of Washington C. H. were fully met up to the beginning of the year 1909, and a balance of $8,000 remained in the city treasury," said Auditor Flynn.

"No great importance would attach to this statement," continued Mr. Flynn, "were it not for the fact that column after column has been printed in the newspapers throughout the state bearing upon the financial condition of this city since losing the revenue from its 23 saloons, which has been followed by three consecutive reductions of the city tax levy.

"Examiners and experts were sent here to investigate conditions, and reports followed in keeping with the bias or sympathy of the writers.

"The cry for relief from the loss of Dow and Aiken taxes is arising from a large number of municipalities throughout the state on account of having voted dry, while in Washington C. H. the loss has been met, salaries of councilmen, policemen and firemen increased and at the same time taxes have been reduced. If this can be done in Washington C. H., why cannot the same thing be done in other cities and towns throughout the state? And what's the use crying and whining about it?

Competent Officials Needed.

"During the past four or five years this city has been handled in a businesslike way. Competent officials have been selected for office, especially in the city council and upon the various boards. City Solicitor Pope Gress, now prosecuting attorney of the county, was ever painstaking and careful, and led the city along legal and proper lines. Contracts pending, the city have been carefully handled, as has been illutsarted in the contract for street lighting and the fixing of prices for the cost of electricity and gas for the people. The loss of the saloon tax was met by a careful study into future conditions. This necessitated a rearrangement here and there—a taking away from one fund and adding to another. Then came the changing of the tax levies.

"In the meantime every avenue was inspected for a saving or the securing of an income. Council was careful of its expenditures from the fund for the payment of legal advertising.

Special Interests Pay.

Ordinances that required publication running into hundreds of dollars were taxed against persons who were interested, and they were compelled to pay such charges in advance. The city funds were put to work and earned a good sum. Revenues that the city were entitled to were secured, and refunds from various sources, especially the railroads, were paid over without delay.

"The administration of honest and competent officials, whose aim has been the management of city affairs as if they were their own personal matters, has been one of the greatest helps in bringing about the present healthy financial condition here.

"How about the $15,000 bond issue in 1907 for sewers and streets about which so much has been said?" I asked.

"In the publication of the stories you refer to a studied effort was made to mislead the public, and wild statements were made by people who had not investigated the city records. The fact is that instead of bolstering up the funds for that year the expenditure shows $15,920.65 for streets and $7,020.70 for sewers. Following this was another issue of $13,500 for the same purposes. The boards and council were wise in this expenditure, for most of our streets are in excellent condition, and the necessity for street repairs will be only a trifle during the next eight or ten years. Before this six or eight thousand dollars were expended annually on our streets with little beneficial result.

Good Investment.

"The $10,000 spent on the city sewers the past two years shows that the investment was a good one for the city, as $1,000 has been collected for sewer taps, which is 10 per cent on the investment. All sewers were put in by general taxation and not by special assessments. The ownership, then, vests in the city and settles all argument.

"The sinking fund trustees are leading business men, David S. Craig, Albert Howat, Wm. Duffee and Harry Anthony. Last year about $9,000 in bonds and coupons were cancelled, and the payroll this year, as passed on, will take care of more than $10,000 in bonds and coupons. This refutes the statement that the future will be mortgaged to take care of the present.'"

"What about the future condition of taxes and finances?" I asked.

"This will depend entirely upon the management of city affairs. The city is only a large business concern, although many people seem to think that a city government is a mysterious thing that cannot be conducted as other business affairs are managed, and that the whole thing is a sort of 'guess work.' If the proper managers are put in to take care of the business of the city there is no doubt about the outcome, as then it will be managed as private business affairs are conducted.

"The new accounting system makes the city auditor responsible for the city finances to a certain extent, and he must have level-headed men to act with."

Endorses Paine Bill.

"What is your opinion of the Paine bill?" I asked.

"A move in the right direction. The mayor under this law is really the head of city affairs, and will be held responsible for the conditions under his control. As more authority will be invested in the mayor it stands to reason that the people will be more careful as to whom they select for this office. Mayors have a great deal of power now, but of course they can slip out of many duties if they so desire. The city auditor's authority is also considerably increased."

Three times Auditor Flynn's records have been examined by state experts and each time found to be in first-class condition.

SEN. STEPHENSON FACES CHARGES

Madison, Wis., Jan. 26.—When the legislature met this morning to ballot in separate branches for a United States senator, Senator Blane filed specific charges alleging that United States Senator Isaac Stephenson, as a candidate for re-election, gave to Republican State Chairman E. A. Edmunds, of Appleton, a sum of money in excess of $106,000.

The charges against United States Senator Stephenson number 16 in all, the concluding charge stating that "the primary nomination of election was obtained by the use of large sums of money, corruptly and illegally, "and by violation of the statutes relating to illegal voting, bribery and corruption."

Fifteen members of the Wisconsin assembly refused to vote for the United States senatorship. Fourteen of these were Republicans.

PRESENT TRADE DULLNESS IS UNSATISFACTORY FEATURE

New York, Jan. 25.—In his weekly letter on the condition of the market Henry Clews says:

The event of the week has been the successful placing of London subscription to the new Russian loan, the balance of which will shortly be offered in Paris. This removes an uncertainty which has long been held over the foreign money markets. Preparations for the loan have been made months in advance, hence the slight effect upon the world's money market. Since Paris has been accumulating part of its immense stock of gold to finance this loan, it remains to be seen whether the Bank of France will continue to draw gold or whether it will cease its efforts in this direction. The international gold movements will be watched with considerable interest the next few weeks.

Just now our own money market is being subjected to a number of unusual demands. Gold has recently been exported to about $7,000,000, and the current movement is expected to reach $25,000,000 to $30,000,000. The trust companies will shortly be obliged to withdraw $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 before February 1 to comply with requirements of the reserve law. Much of this will probably be provided for in advance; nevertheless considerable sums must be temporarily withdrawn from the money market in such an operation. Again, the government deficit necessitates the withdrawal of public deposits from the banks, and about $15,000,000 will be surrendered on January 25, another $10,000,000 on February 10. If to these requirements we add the obligations incurred by recent heavy bond issues, it will be found that the demands upon the local money market have been unusually heavy. The offer of Berlin for $250,000,000 Russian, the $30,000,000 Canadian loan and other foreign issues show that the demands upon capital abroad are also on an extensive scale. So far as the banking situation at home is concerned there is not the slightest cause for concern. Our banks are exceedingly strong, and the great expansion in loans which has taken place during the last few months is shown to be amply protected by the large increase in resources. Owing partly to the quietness in business and partly to the expansion of our currency, our banks are almost surfeited with idle money.

Causes Not Satisfactory.

The causes for this state of affairs are not satisfactory, and it would be pleasing to see trade more active and our currency contracting at a time when it is not needed. Yet there is reason for confidence in the general strength and soundness of the banking situation. For all legitimate enterprises there is an abundance of money, which will eventually be a powerful stimulant towards recovery. Funds are returning freely from the interior, and we can readily spare gold to Europe if needed. Indeed, some of our bankers would gladly see an efflux of more proportions provided it resulted in slightly stiffening interest rates. But much depends in this respect on the course of events in Paris, where the urgency for accumulating gold will probably disappear or moderate now that the Russian loan is out of the way. Much, too, depends on the policy of the Bank of England, which has been anxious to strengthen its reserves and may now find it more easy to do so. At best the outlook for money in the foreign money markets is uncertain, and the tone of financial affairs over there is one of decided conservatism if not of depression.

Indiscreet buying of stocks has been discouraged recently by conservative commission firms. The idea that prices were held at too high a level is now permeating almost all classes of operators from the big financial leaders to the small investors; therefore, the process of readjustment which has been long delayed is in progress. Security values have already had a moderate shrinkage; and as the short interest grows there is more or less buying to cover and resulting rallies. But no general pronounced recovery is in sight, and cannot be expected until liquidation is more complete and unfavorable conditions have been adequately discounted.

A most unsatisfactory feature at the moment is the universal dullness of trads. January is proving a decided disappointment in this respect and the volume of business will unquestionably be considerably below that of December. The iron trade is exceptionally quiet, and not employed to more than half of its capacity. Railroads have ceased placing orders mainly because they have satisfied urgent requirements and are inclined to postpone further orders in expectation of securing further concessions in values. Railroad traffic returns, moreover, are not satisfactory, as shown by the continued large number of unemployed cars. Tariff agitation is also a deterrent upon business, much more so than deserved, but there are many who hesitate about making future commitments so long as there is uncertainty in this respect. It carries little weight with many that no tariff changes are possible within six months and perhaps even twelve months; or that the tariff will be revised by its friends and at a time when our industries were never so little in need of protection. Some of our industries have been so overcoddled for years that the mere suggestion of the withdrawal of support causes a shiver. Time, however, will show that no injurious changes will be made and that an ample period will be given for readjustment. With the 4th of March the new administration comes in, and Mr. Taft will undoubtedly call a special session of congress to consider tariff changes, this being imperative for the redemption of party pledges. Discussion may easily last until June or July, and new tariff acts do not usually go into effect until six months after passage.

Stiff Fight to Be Made.

Judging by developments at recent tariff hearings a stiff fight will be made against injurious reductions, and because of weak Democratic opposition such efforts are likely to succeed. Nevertheless, a few sections of many tariff will be a period of uncertainty and postponement, and right or wrong, such ideas will temporarily govern. Meanwhile, some of our largest industrial concerns dependent on the tariff are going along accepting all the orders they can secure without regard to tariff possibilities. It is also significant that importers' shelves are unusually bare of supplies, and large imports are expected in spite of possibly lower duties. The brightest spot in business at present is in cotton goods, for which there has been a good demand, especially from the interior. The prevailing indications, however, are for a period of quiet and readjustment in general business which may last until the tariff is settled, or some idea is obtainable regarding the next harvest.

Operations on the Stock Exchange dwindled down to one-half their usual volume. Many big operators absented themselves from the "street," and the investment demand suddenly subsided; new bond issues going much more slowly than two weeks ago. There is danger of congestion in the latter respect; the new issues since January 1 having been out of all proportion to capacity of the investment demand. Some time will be required for the absorption of new issues, not only in New York, but in London, Paris and Frankfort, where recovery has not been so violent as in the United States. Foreign financial markets, it should be borne in mind, have strengthened themselves at low prices by much larger return of our securities than has been generally appreciated.

ALIVE AFTER 29 DAYS

Octogenarian Found in Pile of Wreckage at Messina, Sicily.

Messina, Jan. 26.—Reports spread today of the remarkable recovery from the ruins of Gaetano Militello, an octogenarian, alive after twenty-nine days. Investigation proved that he had managed to escape from under the walls of a house a few days after the earthquake, fleeing in terror to the outskirts of the town where he hid. For a time he sustained life with herbs, but at length fell exhausted under a pile of wreckage, where he was found by the soldiers.

SECRET SERVICE BILL

Will Be Introduced by Representative Bense.

Columbus, Jan. 26.—Representative Bense, of Ottawa county, will introduce a bill, when the session reconvenes, providing a secret service force for the governor. His idea is to have men who have knowledge of different lines of work constantly employed in the interest of the state, without knowledge of the heads of department as to their identity.

For instance, he would have a first class commission merchant engaged to see what prices the state institutions are paying for provender. He could collect his testimony and submit it to the governor. An insurance man could be employed to watch the insurance department. Someone who knew about the workings of the fire marshal's office could be employed to watch that office. And so on.

"Investigations are all right, so far as they go," said Mr. Bense, "but they do not go far because of the difficulty in getting testimony. Officials under investigation know what is coming and cover their tracks. If the governor was able to collect testimony at all times in the year, when he started an investigation, he would have something tangible to work on. I think about $15,000 should be set aside for the first year to employ competent men for this secret service work."

Mr. Bense says it is not his idea to have the men employed to watch members of the legislature, but if they needed it he would not object.

MURDER MICHIGAN BOY

Death Instead of Riches for St. Joseph Lad.

St. Joseph, Mich., Jan. 26.—"I am going out into the world to make my fortune," Christian Bean, a 16-year-old lad, told his parents, residents of this city, two month ago. "When I come back I'll be a rich man," added the ambitious youth.

Young Bean went west. Up to within the last few days, he kept his family in touch with his whereabouts. Suddenly all communication stopped and last night the local police received word from Hutchinson, Kan., that the body of a St. Joseph boy had been found in that city.

Investigation developed the fact that a murder had been committed and that the victim was young Bean. With no motive apparent except possibly that of robbery and with the identity of the young man's murderers unknown to the Hutchinson officers, the case appears to be clothed in the deepest mystery.

EGG CARRIE NATION

Obliged to Quit Hall Under Police Protection.

London, Jan. 26.—Mrs. Carrie Nation, who is attempting to deliver a series of lectures here, met with a very hostile reception at the Canterbury Music Hall last night. She was pelted with eggs, one of them striking her in the face.

From the very beginning the audience maintained a chorus of boos and hisses. Her manager vainly appealed for fair play and Mrs. Nation was obliged to quit the house under police protection.

LAND FRAUDS GUARDED

One Secret Service Man Said to Have Been Detailed to Watch Each Member.

Muskogee, Okla., Jan. 26.—With the convening of the federal grand jury here today to investigate the alleged town lot frauds, Muskogee became the cynosure of the eyes of half the nation. That the government regards the investigation as of great import was evidenced by the fact that the jury was closely watched and guarded by secret service men—rumor has it that there is a man for every juror.

Additional interest was added to the case by reason of the implication of the governor, Charles N. Haskell, in the investigation. He, in turn, declares the entire matter is due to the enmity of William R. Hearst. This ramification of the case is an echo of the presidential campaign of last year.

Names of Dummies Used.

In the years 1900 and 1901 a large number of lots were disposed of to purchasers who registered their names with the government in much the same manner as when land is "homesteaded." Federal authorities now claim that unscrupulous men scheduled the names of "dummies," and thus obtained titles to several lots when they were entitled to but one. In some cases, it is claimed, this was done without the knowledge of the "dummy," and in others the "dummy" was a mere figurehead and surrendered his title gratuitiously or for a small compensation.

250 Witnesses Called.

About 250 persons whose names are said to have been used in this manner are now here, having been subpoenaed by the government from Texas, Ohio, West Virginia, Tennessee, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Virginia and Arkansas. They are expected to testify as to what part they had in registering of their names in applying for land.

It is confidently expected by many that several men high up in local affairs will be hit by the investigation. The Indianola Contracting company, of which Governor Hackell is president, owns many town lots. These lots embrace from one-fourth of an acre to four acres.

CONGRESS PRAISES WIRELESS OPERATOR.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Pausing for a moment in its legislative activities, the house of representatives yesterday listened to an eulogy of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the trans-Atlantic liner Republic, who remained at his post until the ship went down, following her collision Saturday with the Florida.

Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, was given unanimous consent to address the house "on a matter of public interest." After referring to the collision, Mr. Boutell, amid loud applause, said that throughout the whole critical period "there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized." He specifically mentioned Binns by name.

PIRATES KILL SEVEN

Moros Attack Fleet—Patrol Boats in Search.

Manila, Jan. 26.—Word has been received here of an attack on the Parang pearling fleet by Moro pirates on January 20, seven of the pearl fishers having been killed in the fight. The insular government has despatched several patrol boats to the scene of the attack with instructions to search for the pirates.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Washington, Jan. 19.—Senate—The salary of the president of the United States was today fixed at $100,000 per annum, so far as the senate could fix it, and salaries of the vice president and the speaker of the house of representatives at $15,000 each. The salary of the chief justice of the supreme court was increased from $13,000 to $15,000, and those of the associate justices from $12,500 to $14,500. These changes were made as amendments to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill and after an extended debate. Amendments allowing $5,000 each to the vice president and the speaker of the house for horses and carriages were stricken from the bill. Senator Rayner's resolution calling on the attorney general for information concerning the suit he purposes bringing against certain newspapers on the charge of libel in connection with the purchase of the Panama canal property was referred to the committee on the judiciary after a strong fight to have it adopted without such reference. Various pension bills were passed.

House—After disposing of the speech of Representative Willett yesterday attacking the President by referring it to a special committee, the house today passed the pensions and urgent deficiency bills, and when adjournment was taken the naval appropriation bill was under consideration. The pensions bill abolishes all but one of the eighteen pension agencies throughout the country and carries a total appropriation of $160,869,000. A plan to pay pensioners quarterly was defeated. The urgent deficiency bill carries appropriations amounting to $1,026,402. A message from the President recommending an appropriation of $20,000 for a commission to investigate conditions in the Republic of Liberia, Africa, was read.

Washington, Jan. 20.—Senate—The Brownsville affair was again before the senate today, Senator Frazier, of Tennessee, speaking in opposition to the passage of the measure for the re-enlistment of the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth regiment. He insisted that the guilt of some men of the regiment had been established beyond any doubt, although the individuals who had committed the crime had not been determined. Mr. Foraker announced that he would move next Monday to take up his bill to reinstate the soldiers unless an agreement on a time to vote for the measure is made sooner. The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was under consideration also.

House—After adopting without opposition a resolution by whichGovernor George F. Lilley, of Connecticut, ceases to be a member of congress, the house of representatives today proceeded with the naval appropriation bill. There were few amendments offered to the measure, the items under consideration being those of maintenance and improvements to navy yards, stations and other public works of the navy. Representative Foss, of Illinois, chairman of the naval affairs committee, had charge of the bill on the floor, and Representatives Tawney (Minn.), Fitzgerald (New York), Gaines (Tenn.), Macon (Ark.), and others spoke. Representative Mann (Ill.), occupied the chair during the consideration of the bill, which probably will have the attention of the house until Friday.

Washington, Jan. 21.—Senate—A debate on the propriety of increasing salaries of federal circuit and district judges consumed nearly the entire time of the senate today, with the result that the compensation of the twenty-nine judges was increased from $7,000 to $9,000, and that of the eighty-four district judges from $6,000 to $8,000. Senator Borah, who had offered amendments reducing the increases of salary recommended by the committee on appropriations, declared that the action of the senate in increasing the salary of the president to $100,000 was in violation of the spirit of the constitution and would never have been taken before or during the recent political campaign. Senator Tillman insinuated that some federal judges were on the pay rolls of corporations.

House—Strictures upon the efficiency of officers of the navy in the care of machinery of war vessels were uttered in the house today during the consideration of the naval appropriation bill, with the result that an amendment was adopted requiring the secretary of the navy annually to report to congress those instances where more than $200,000 is expended for repairs. After futile efforts to obtain legislation looking to the restoration of marines aboard ships an amendment was agreed to prohibiting the purchase of powder "manufactured or sold inviolation of the Sherman anti-trust law. The debate disclosed the fact that the amendment was directed at the Dupont company. Amendments appropriating $250,000 to double the government's output of powder and fixing the price for powder other than for small arms at 64 cents per pound, were adopted. The bill was still pending when the house adjourned.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Senate—Feb. 12 was today declared to be a special legal holiday and a survey and plans for a highway from Washington to Gettysburg, to be known as the "Lincoln way," as a memorial to Abraham Lincoln, was provided for by a joint resolution passed by the senate, after an extended debate. The resolution did not commit congress to the construction of the highway when surveyed. Final action was also taken on the legislative, executive and judicial bill, the senate refusing by a vote of 41 to 27 to fix at $75,000 the salary of the president, previously increased by the senate to $100,000.

House—Exactly as reported by committee, the naval programme for the fiscal year 1909 was today adopted by the house and the naval appropriation bill was passed. The opponents of the increase feature of the bill found themselves in a hopeless minority. The only vital alteration made in the measure was the striking out of the provision restoring marines to naval vessels. The aggregate amount appropriated by the bill is $135,000,000.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Senate.—The postal savings bank and the omnibus claims bill were before the senate today for discussion and amendment, but no substantial progress was made on either measure. An amendment was made to the postal bill limiting to $500 the amount of the deposits of any one person and fixing the rate of interest to be paid at 2 per cent, with the understanding that the amendment would be subject to further change by the senate. The urgent deficiency bill was passed.

House.—Legislation affecting the District of Columbia was considered by the house today, the interesting feature of the day was a tribute paid by Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, to the heroism of John R. Binns, the wireless operator aboard the steamship Republic recently in collision with the Florida.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Jan. 23.—Bradstreet's says: Trade is expanding slowly, but steadily, wholesale and jobbing lines noting some good orders for immediate delivery and rather more confidence in placing orders for spring. Conservatism is, however, noted in many sections and some markets report a feeling of disappointment at the rate of progress making. In the leading industries the tendency is still toward gradual resumption, but in few cases is the output up to a good normal. Uncertainty as to tariff changes is still widely mentioned as a bar to fullest activities, this being noticeable especially in iron and steel, where present demand is below expectations and in some lines of textiles. Reports from the railways are of an increased merchandise traffic northwest and southwest, but this is to a certain extent offset by restricted movement of grain to market.

Expansion of a conservative character seems most evident in the cotton goods line, domestic demand expanding somewhat, while export business is quieter. Gray goods firmer, bleached fabrics are stronger and printed goods show further advances. Much machinery hitherto devoted to woolen goods, is reported being diverted to other classes of manufacture. Worsted yarns are firmer.

The market for leather is steady and firm. There are more shoe buyers in the Boston market, but as yet the disposition is to look over samples and styles rather than place orders. Eastern manufacturers of heavy and medium footwear have sufficient business for the rest of the season and higher grades show a good volume of orders. Business failures in the United States for the week ended with January 21, were 307, against 219 last week, 408 in the like week of 1908, 253 in 1907, 276 in 1906 and 228 in 1905. Canadian business failures for the same period number 40, as against 36 last week and 51 in this week last year.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Jan. 26.—Wheat opened a shade higher but with a rather bearish undertone. Cables were unchanged to a trifle advanced. One of the leading bullish factors was Broomhall's report on European crop conditions, showing deterioration in several countries. In the domestic market, manipulation at Chicago overshadowed practically all other factors. The movement in the northwest was a trifle heavier. Toledo's receipts were nine cars, Chicago's 8 and those of the northwest 260. A week ago the northwest got 149 cars and a year ago 298. Reports were current Nebraska was offering hard winter wheat. At Chicago the crowd appeared bearish and waiting for a break. In Toledo values were somewhat higher in all options excepting the far month, which opened unchanged at 74¼c. Unchanged at the outset, cash advanced from $1.08¼ to $1.08½. May opened ⅛c up at $1.09⅝ and July unchanged at $1.00⅜. The near option and July advanced ⅛c before 10 a. m.

Selling by scattered Chicago longs and the crowd caused a marked break a quarter of an hour before the close. Southwest receipts were 105,000 against 127,000 a week ago, and 91,000 a year ago. Cash closed ½c off at $1.07¾. May ½c off at $1.09, July ⅝c off at 99⅝c, and September ¾c lower at 96½c. Liverpool closed ⅛d lower to ¼d higher.

Corn values were without change, either on the call or up till the middle of the first hour. Cash started at 64¼c, July at 64⅝c, and September at 64½. Receipts in the local market were 17 cars, 12 grading contract. Chicago's arrivals were 467 cars against 394 a year ago. Bartlett-Patten & Co. bought corn, and Updike and commission houses sold. Liverpool was ¼d higher on the call and ¼d up at midday.

Corn closed: Cash 62c, May 64¼c, July 64¼c, September 64⅝c.

Oats was strong on good buying by Chicago commission houses. Local values were stationary, May opening at 53⅜c, July at 47⅝c, and September at 39¾c.

Closing prices were: Cash 52½c, May 53¼c, July 47½c, September 39¾c.

Clover seed values held steady, despite the general bearish conditions, January opened 2½c higher at $5.50, but lost the extent of the gain soon after the call. March and October were steady at $5.52½ and $6.05 respectively.

Receipts were 660 bags against 763 shipped. A year ago shipments were 30 and receipts 134. Cash closed 2½c up at $5.47½. March unchanged at $5.52½, and October unchanged at $6.05.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 26.	Close Jan. 25.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.08¼	1.08¼	....	1.07¾	1.08¼
May	1.09⅝	1.09⅝	....	1.09	1.09½
July	1.00⅜	1.00⅜	....	.99⅝	1.00⅜
Sept.	....	....	....	.96½	.97¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	.62	.63
May	.64¼	....	....	.64¼	.64¼
July	.64⅝	....	....	.64¼	.64⅝
Sept.	.64½	....	....	.64⅜	.64½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	.52¼	.52¼
May	.53⅜	....	....	.53¼	.53⅜
July	.47⅝	....	....	.47½	.47⅝
Sept.	.39¾	....	....	.39¾	.39¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.47½	5.45
Jan	5.50	....	....	5.47½	5.47½
March	5.52½	....	....	5.52½	5.52½
Oct	6.05	....	....	6.05	6.05
No. 2	....	....	....	5.25½	5.20½
No. 3	....	....	....	5.22½	5.22½
Rejected	....	....	....	5.10	5.12½
Neg.	....	....	....	5.05	5.05
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	.79	.79
No. 2	....	....	....	.73½	.78½
No. 3	....	....	....	.76½	.76½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.80	8.85
March	....	....	....	8.80	8.85

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.07¾	....	1.06	1.06¼	1.07
July	.97⅛	....	.96⅝	.96⅞	.97¼
Sept.	.94½	....	....	.93½	.94½
Corn—					
May	.62¼	.62¼	.63	.62¼	.62
July	.62⅝	.62⅝	....	.62½	.62¾
Sept.	.63⅜	.63⅜	....	.62½	.63⅜
Oats—					
May	.51⅞	.52¼	....	.51¼	.51⅜
July	.46¼	.46⅝	....	.46¼	.46½
Sept.	.39¼	.39⅝	....	.39¼	.39½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.10⅝	....	....	1